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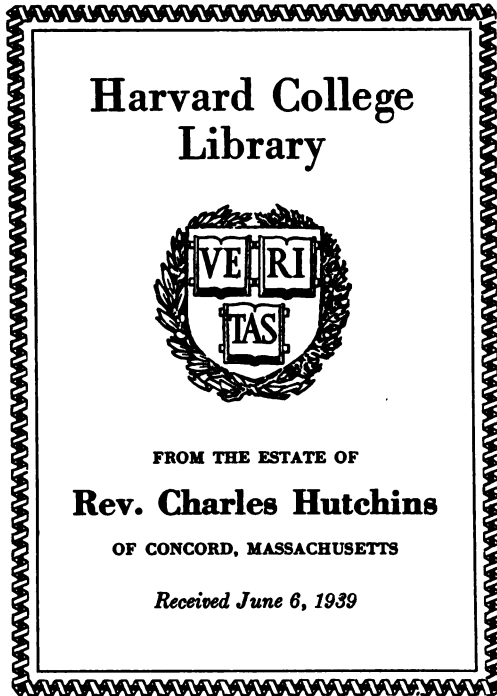
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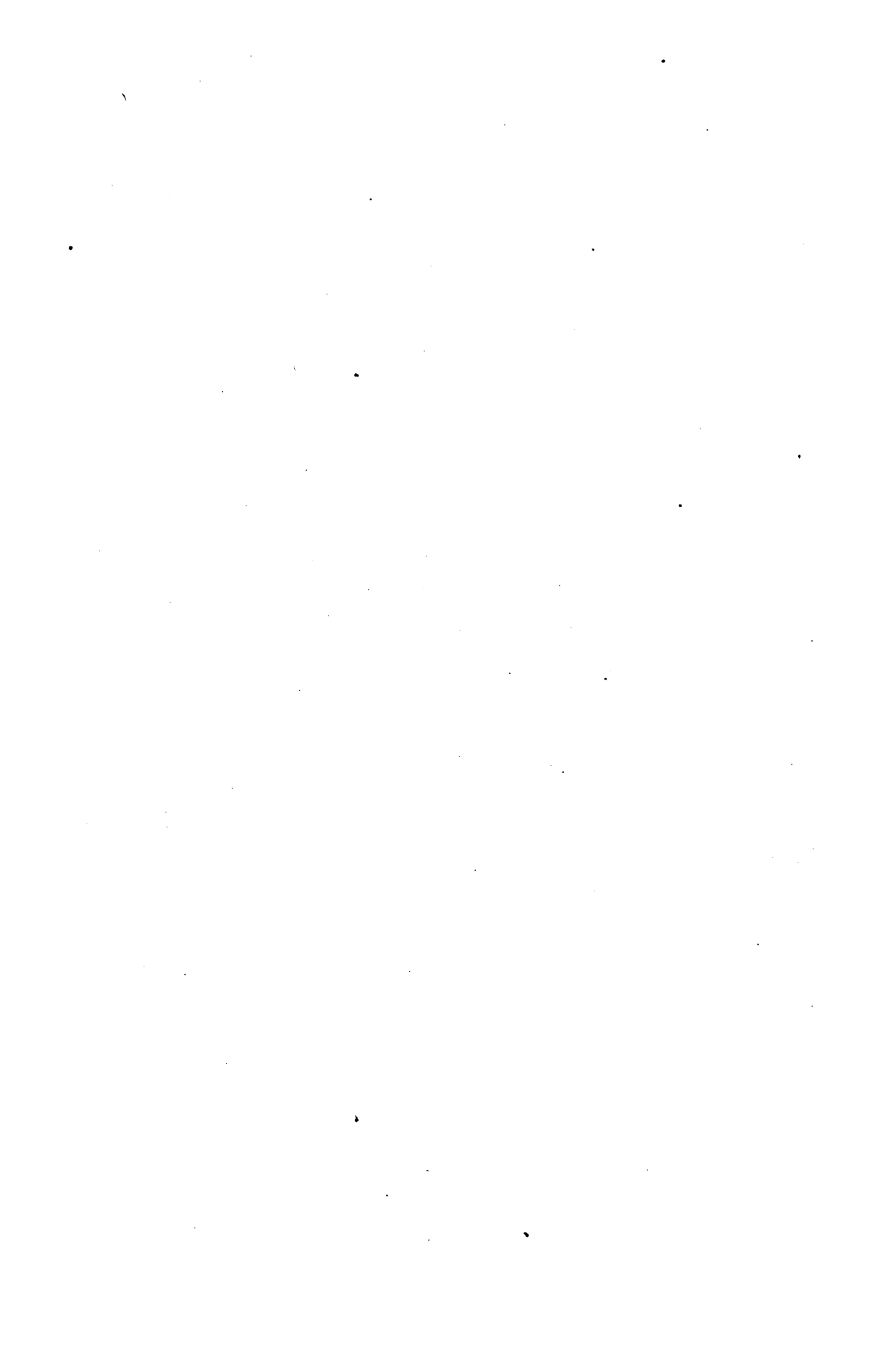
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P R E F A C E .

THE design of this book is to furnish a copious variety and supply of our most highly esteemed and precious hymns and tunes for the use of Christians in public, social, domestic, and private worship.

"Praise is comely for the upright," and to admonish one another "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," is the express command of Holy Writ. We find, also, that it was the constant practice of the early Christians to spend a portion of their time, when two or three were met in Jesus' name, in singing praises to the Lord. At the close of the "last supper," they sang a hymn before they left the table; after Jesus had ascended, they "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God;" at midnight, Paul and Silas in the prison "prayed, and sang praises unto God;" and we learn from Pliny that Christians were wont to meet together and "sing among themselves, alternately, a hymn to Christ as God." In obedience, then, to an order from the Lord; in accordance with the practice of the early Christians; in consideration of the power of music over the emotions, and of the strong and steady impulse of the soul to express its sorrows even as its joys and raptures, and its profoundest sense of adoration, in sacred melody and song,—the church must ever, in her "holy convocations," assign to lyric poetry and to music a position very prominent and commanding; and as she moves onward, rejoicing in the strength of her illustrious LEADER, "conquering and to conquer," she will, doubtless, bring more frequently her joyful strains of praise to him for her triumphant victories.

Even at this period of her reviving splendor, she calls for "new songs" of adoration; she sings with a new inspiration, and solicits EVERY tongue to bring its tribute of praise to her Redeemer's glory; and the more clearly she beholds that glory, the more devoutly, the more frequently, the more joyously, will she sing.

The time, it is believed, is not far distant when the singing in the sanctuary will come down from the choir to the congregation, and when ALL the people, "both young men and maidens, old men and children," will unite to swell the anthem of praise to Jehovah. To prepare the way for this most desirable improvement in our church music, we must have more singing in our families, in

PREFACE.

our Sabbath schools, in our monthly concerts, and in our prayer meetings; this would inspire them with a new devotion; would break up the "spirit of heaviness" which sometimes broods over them, and would be the means of preparing the voices of all for mingling in the songs of the sanctuary. The prominent deficiency in our acts of social and private worship is, not that we do not read enough, or pray enough, or exhort enough, but that we do not sing enough; for this is the only act in which all can alike audibly engage, and by which the attention of all is at once arrested, and the feelings moved.

It is hoped that this NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, by supplying a rich variety of select and appropriate hymns and tunes, will be instrumental in awakening a deeper and more general interest in congregational singing, and in calling the church to loftier strains of praise to her Redeemer.

In this collection will be found most of her choicest and sweetest hymns, together with many new ones, breathing forth the living spirit of this present living age. They have been chosen with the greatest care from our best sacred lyric poets, and will be found adapted to every phase of Christian life and experience, and to every place where man comes to worship God, whether it be the private chamber, the domestic altar, the Sabbath school room, the deck of the vessel, the vestry, the chapel, or the church.

The hymns, in most instances, have been drawn from original sources, and are given, as far as practicable, just as their respective authors wrote them. Each one of them is introduced by a passage of Scripture, of which it is a paraphrase, or whose spirit it most evidently breathes. The tunes have been chosen and arranged with reference to congregational singing; they are, for the most part, plain, simple, grand, and majestic. Many of them have long been associated with the hymns which follow them, and form with them the consecrated medium through which the church loves to present her oblation of prayer and praise to God. The parts are printed separately in order that they may be easily read and sung.

That many Christian hearts may be elevated, comforted, and sanctified by the use of this manual of sacred song, and that God would make it as a "silver string" in that great symphony of praise that goes up from "million lyres" eternally to the LAMB, is the earnest hope and prayer of the compiler.

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THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.

MODERATO.

TENOR.

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

BASS.

Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And, as Thy glo - ry fills the sky,

So let it be on earth dis - played, Till Thou art here as there o - beyed.

1. L. M. TATE & BRADY.
BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS. — Ps. 57 : 5.

- 1 BE Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed — 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

1

2. L. M. WATTS.
PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE. — Ps. 117 : 1.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

CON SPIRITO.

Lord, when Thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thou - sand an - gels filled the sky;

Those heav'n - ly guards a - round Thee wait, Like cha - riots that at - tend Thy state.

3. L. M. WATTS.

THOU HAST ASCENDED ON HIGH. — Ps. 68:18.

- 1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

4. L. M. WATTS.

THE LORD REIGNETH. — Ps. 93:1.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

5. L. M.

THE NATIONS OF THEM WHICH ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN
THE LIGHT OF IT. — Rev. 21:24.

- 1 LORD, let Thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by Thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to Thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in Thy glorious sight;
Still in Thy precepts and Thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

HYMNS FOR DUKE STREET.

6.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF
GOD.—Heb. 4: 9.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

7.

L. M.

GRANT.

THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER.—Is. 40: 8.

- 1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word.
- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky.
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

8.

L. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR
STRENGTH.—Is. 40: 31.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

9.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOOD-
NESS! — Ps. 107: 31.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let His power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

10.

L. M.

JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM.—Matt. 18: 2.

- 1 O LORD, behold, before Thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, Thy name we own,
And pray that Thou wilt be our Friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to Thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
Forever safe, forever blessed.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That He may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 O, let Thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us Thy will to know and do,
And let us all Thine image bear.

11.

L. M.

HEBER.

THE DESIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE GRANTED.
Prov. 10: 24.

- 1 LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord our Strength and Righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

KING. L. M.

CON SPIRITO.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame, Give to the Lord re - nown and power;

As - cribe new hon - ors to His name, And His e - ter - nal might a - dore.

12.

L. M.

WATTS.

GIVE UNTO THE LORD GLORY AND STRENGTH. — Ps. 29:1.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to His name,
And His eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims His power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.
- 3 He speaks; and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frightened hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon He turns His voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,
The Thunder reigns forever King,
But makes his church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

13.

L. M.

DOBELL'S COLL.

UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, ETC. — Luke 2:11.

- 1 AWAKE, arise, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day.
- 2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels in the sky:
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves, and years roll round.

14.

L. M.

CONDER.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH. — Rev. 19:6.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring;
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care?
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 3 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

ALLEGRO.

Ex - alt - ed Prince of life, we own The roy - al hon - ors of Thy throne;

'Tis fixed by God's al - migh - ty hand, And ser - apts bow at Thy command.

15.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HIS THRONE IS UPHOLDEN BY MERCY. — PROV. 20: 28.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honors of Thy throne;
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at Thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide Thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all Thine enemies obey;
Wide may Thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

16.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, O JERUSALEM. — IS. 62: 1.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;

No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

- 4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

17.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

THE LORD REIGNETH; LET THE EARTH REJOICE. — PS. 97: 1.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns; let all the earth
In His just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In His applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth His guards are made,
And fixed by His pavilion wait.
- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of His holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

BAVA. L. M.

From the German Psalter, 1562.
Harmony by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

CHORAL.

Great God, whose u - ni - ver - sal sway The known and un-known worlds o - bey,
Now give the king - dom to Thy Son, Ex - tend His power, ex - alt His throne.

18. L. M. WATTS.
HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN, ETC. — Ps. 72: 6.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

19. L. M. LUNT.
THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL BE ACCEPTED, ETC. — Is. 56: 7.

- 1 WHEN driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.
- 2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

- 3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.
- 4 Before Thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For Thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.

20. L. M. BEDDOME.
THE ANOINTING WHICH YE HAVE RECEIVED OF HIM ABIDETH
IN YOU. — 1 John 2: 27.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

ANDANTINO.

{ Great God, this sa-cred day of Thine De-mands our soul's col-lect-ed powers; }
 { May we em-ploy in work di-vine These sol-emn, these de-vot-ed hours; }

O, may our souls a-dor-ing own The grace which calls us to thy throne.

21. L. M. STEELE.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT DOETH THIS.—Is. 58 : 2.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O, may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
O, may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
O, may Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

- Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies.
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
"To see Thy face and sing Thy praise."

22. L. M. GRANT.

WHETHER WE LIVE, THEREFORE, OR DIE, WE ARE THE LORD'S.
Rom. 14 : 8.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;

DOXOLOGY.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

CHORAL.

Be - hold the Man! How glo - rious He! Be - fore His foes He stands un - awed,

And with - out wrong or blas - phe - my, He claims e - qual - i - ty with God.

23.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

IT IS FINISHED. — John 19:30.

- 1 'Tis finished! So the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died:
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! Let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished! Let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

24.

L. M.

KELLY.

BEHOLD THE MAN. — John 19:5.

- 1 BEHOLD the Man! How glorious He!
Before His foes He stands unawed,
And without wrong or blasphemy
He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes,
His person and His claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the Man! He stands alone;
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all His friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

- 4 Behold the Man! So weak He seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he who now blasphemes
Before His judgment seat appear.

- 5 Behold the Man! Though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at His footstool bow,
And all His royal claims approve.

25.

L. M.

BACHE.

BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM! — John 11:36.

- 1 "SEE how He loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell:
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 "See how He loved," who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 "See how He loved," who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up His breath.
- 4 Such love can we unmoved survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread His steps, His laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in-sure the great re-ward;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

26.

L. M.

WATTS.

WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, ETC. — Eccl. 9:10.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven, —
The day of grace, — and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

27.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

SHALL THY LOVING KINDNESS, ETC. — Ps. 68:11.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

28.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU. — John 14:27.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down —
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

STERLING. L. M.



O, come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-migh-ty King;
For we our vol-ces high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's Rock we praise.

29.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

O, COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD. — Ps. 95:1.

- 1 O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great —
A King superior far to all —
Whom by His title God we call.
- 4 O, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

30.

L. M. WATTS.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED. — Heb. 10:23.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

- 2 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 3 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 4 Our everlasting hopes arise,
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power sustains.

31.

L. M. WATTS.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS? — Heb. 1:14.

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads His seat,
And troops of angels, stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round His awful feet.
- 2 Thy wingéd troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on Thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing to Thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.
- 3 Are they not all Thy servants, Lord?
At Thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey Thy word,
And guard Thy children to their home.

ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

WM. KNAPP.

LEGATO.

O, ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The Foun-tain of e - ter - nal love.

Whose mer - cy firm through a - ges past, Hath stood, and shall for - ev - er last.

32. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD, ETC. — Ps. 106:1.

- 1 O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless;
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O, render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

33. L. M. WATTS.

SALVATION IS NIGH THEM THAT FOLLOW HIM. — Ps. 85:9.

- 1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from heaven:
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

- 3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps, and keep the road.

34. L. M. WATTS.

WITH THEE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. — Ps. 36:9.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

A - sleep in Je - sus! Bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re- pose, Un - brok - en by the dread of foes.

35.

L. M.

EDMESTON.

THE TIME OF THE EVENING OBSESSION. — Dan. 9:21.

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.
- 4 Nor will our days of toil be long:
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

36.

L. M.

MACKAY.

HE WENT ASLEEP. — Acts 7:30.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blessed;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space
Debars this precious hiding place;
On Indian plains or Lapland's snows
Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomous sting!
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful Refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

37.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

GROUNDED IN LOVE. — Eph. 3:17.

- 1 LOVE is the theme of saints above;
Love be the theme of saints below;
Love is of God, for God is love;
With love let every bosom glow; —
- 2 Love to each other — soul and mind,
And heart and hand in full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined
To live and die unto the Lord.
- 3 Christ's little flock we then shall feed;
The lambs we in our arms shall bear;
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

HYMNS FOR REST.

38.

L. M.

RAFFLES.

ABIDE WITH US. — Luke 24 : 29.

- 1 ABIDE with us ; the evening shades
Begin already to prevail ;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.
- 2 Abide with us ; and still unfold
Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore ;
What wondrous things of Jesus told !
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.
- 3 Abide with us ; our hearts are cold ;
We thought that Israel He'd restore ;
But sweet the truths Thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.
- 4 Abide with us ; amazed they cry,
As, suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on His head !

39.

L. M.

BRYANT.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN. — Matt. 5 : 4.

- 1 O, DEEM not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 And ye who at a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

40.

L. M.

WATTS.

IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED. — Ps. 119 : 71.

- 1 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand ;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord ;
I left my Guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep Thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn His statutes well.

- 4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within ;
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

41.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

THE LORD HATH PREPARED A SACRIFICE. — Zeph. 1 : 7.

- 1 How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before Thine awful bar ?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the Eternal Mind ?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, Thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone ;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to Thee.

42.

L. M.

BOWRING.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.
Ps. 112 : 6.

- 1 EARTH's transitory things decay ;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away ;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.
- 2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain ;
- 3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine ;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age ;
- 4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears ;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

43.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH. — Prov. 14 : 32.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest :
How mildly beams the closing eye,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;
Where is, O grave, thy victory now,
And where, insidious death, thy sting ?

TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNBY.

CON SPIRITO.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul; a - wake, my tongue;

Unison.

Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all His bound - less love pro - claim.

44.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.
2 Cor. 4:6.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face;
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

45.

L. M.

SHERBROOK.

ARISE, SHINE. — Lk. 60:1.

- 1 ZION, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.
- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too,
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

46.

L. M.

THE ABUNDANCE OF THE SEA, ETC. — Lk. 60:5.

- 1 GRANT the abundance of the sea
May be converted, Lord, to Thee,
And every sailor on the shore
Return to God, to roam no more.
- 2 The nations, then, with joy shall hail
The Bethel flag in every sail;
And every ship that ploughs the sea
A gospel messenger shall be.
- 3 Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day
When seamen shall Thy word obey,
And safe from port to port be driven
To point a ruined world to heaven.

HYMNS FOR TRURO.

47.

L. M.

WATTS.

SING YE PRAISES. — Ps. 47 : 7.

- 1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.
- 2 He that can shake the worlds He made,
Or with His word, or with His rod,
His goodness how amazing great,
And what a condescending God!
- 3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 4 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

48.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL EXTOL THEE, MY GOD, O KING. — Ps. 145 : 6.

- 1 MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 5 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways;
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

49.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR. — Acts 5 : 31.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The spacious world unseen is His,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once He died;
But now He lives forevermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And all ye angel bands adore.
- 3 So live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends,
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice
That Thy dominion never ends.

- 4 Worthy Thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

- 5 Forever reign, victorious King;
Wide through the earth Thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar anthems near Thy throne.

50.

L. M.

GREGG.

WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, ETC. — Mark 8 : 38.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be —
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

51.

L. M.

WATTS.

LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE. — 1 Tim. 6 : 12.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Mak - er in my song;

An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

52.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL PRAISE THEE WITH MY WHOLE HEART. — Ps. 138 : 1.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

53.

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LORD. — Is. 24 : 14.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

54.

L. M.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. — Ps. 150 : 1.

- 1 LET lofty songs, let boundless joy,
Our noblest powers of praise employ,
And Art her highest skill assign,
To swell the harmony divine.
- 2 Loud let the pealing organ's lays
Pour forth the bursting song of praise;
Timbrel, and harp, and lute, accord
Triumphant honor to the Lord.
- 3 Trumpet and cymbal well may bring
High-sounding praise to God, our King;
Let every instrument combine,
Let every land the chorus join.
- 4 Let nature's voice aloud proclaim
The greatness of Jehovah's name;
From earth let high hosannas rise;
Let hallelujahs fill the skies.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

The King of saints, how fair His face, A - dorned with ma - jes - ty and grace.

He comes with bless - ings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions to His love.

55. L. M. WATTS.
THOU ART FAIRER THAN THE CHILDREN OF MEN. — Ps. 45 : 2.

- 1 THE King of saints, how fair His face,
Adorned with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to His love.
- 2 At His right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like His own ;
He calls and seats her near His throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To His fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons — a numerous train —
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 5 Let endless honors crown His head ;
Let every age His praises spread ;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of His love.

56. L. M. WATTS.
MY HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD. — Ps. 121 : 2.

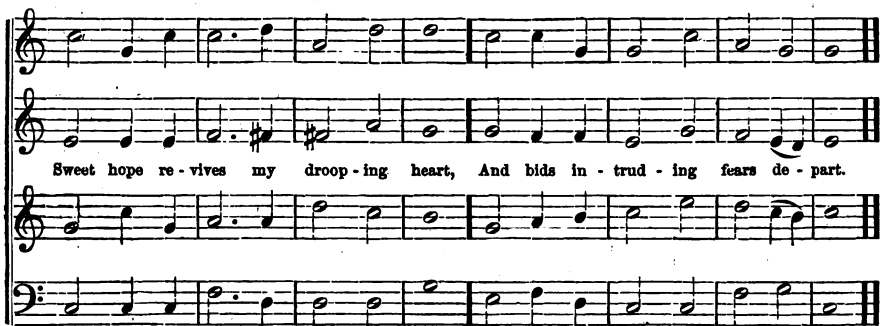
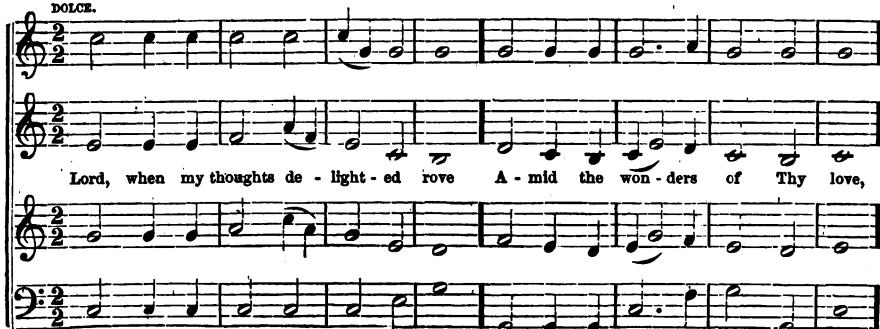
- 1 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens, with all their hosts, He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

- 2 He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

57. L. M. WATTS.
HE WOULD RAISE UP CHRIST TO SIT ON HIS THRONE.
Acts 2 : 30.

- 1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son ;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays ;
Tell the loud wonders He hath done.
- 2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above ;
How swift and joyful was His flight
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
The almighty Captive prisoner lay ;
The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to His throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of His face.

DOLCE.



58.

L. M.

STEELE.

BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO. — John 14:19.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift my eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

59.

L. M.

HYDE.

A STILL SMALL VOICE. — 1 Kings 19:12.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

60.

L. M.

STEELE.

HE DIED FOR ALL, THAT THEY WHICH LIVE SHOULD NOT HENCE-
FORTH LIVE UNTO THEMSELVES. — 2 Cor. 5:15.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of Thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
- 3 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies;
What love! what mercy! how divine!
Jesus, and can I call Thee mine?
- 3 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
O, may my future life declare
This sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 4 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe; how much I love.

HYMNS FOR ZEPHYR.

61.

L. M.

STEELE.

THAT HE MAY ABIDE WITH YOU FOREVER. — John 14:16.

- 1 DEAR Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favor astonishing! divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can Thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste His grace,
Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 5 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

62.

L. M.

HART.

I WILL TAKE THE STONY HEART OUT OF THEIR FLESH.
Ezek. 11:19.

- 1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear;
(Amazing thought,) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

63.

L. M.

DAVIES.

O LORD, TRULY I AM THY SERVANT. — Ps. 116:16.

- 1 LORD, am I Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine?
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to Thee,
Be Thine through all eternity.

64.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEART. — Ps. 4:4.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent, seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,
True strength, to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And Thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

65.

L. M.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS. — Gal. 6:2.

- 1 THOU God of hope, to Thee we bow;
Thou art our Refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow Thou;
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2 The poor are Thy peculiar care;
To them Thy promises are sure;
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O, may we always thus be poor.
- 3 May we Thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

66.

L. M.

HILL.

HE WILL BE VERY GRACIOUS UNTO THEM AT THE VOICE OF
THEY CRY. — Is. 30:19.

- 1 GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on Thee alone,
E'en till my last, expiring breath.
- 2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless Thy name, forever blessed.
- 3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.
- 4 Hasten Thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.
- 5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.
Harmonized by DR. MAINER.



.67.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

EVERY THING SHALL LIVE, ETC. — Ezek. 47 : 9.

- 1 GREAT Source of being and of love,
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys we mortals know
From Thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at Thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside Thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on, to earth's remotest bound,
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

68.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD STANDETH IN THE CONGREGATION, ETC. — Ps. 82 : 1.

- 1 AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes His seat :
The God of heaven; as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support the unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son
Possess His universal throne,
And rule the nations with His rod :
He is our Judge, and He our God.

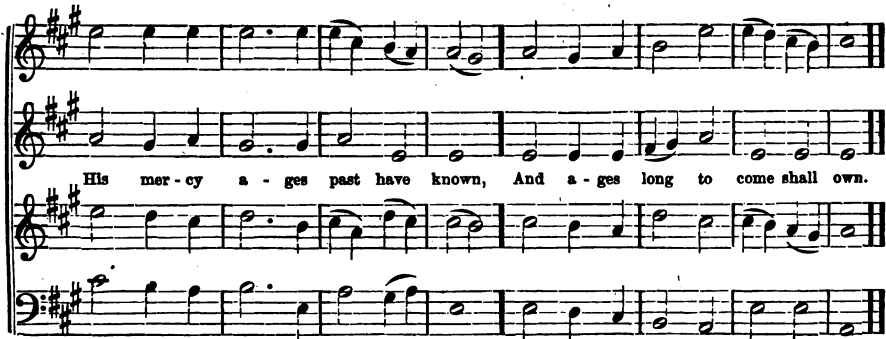
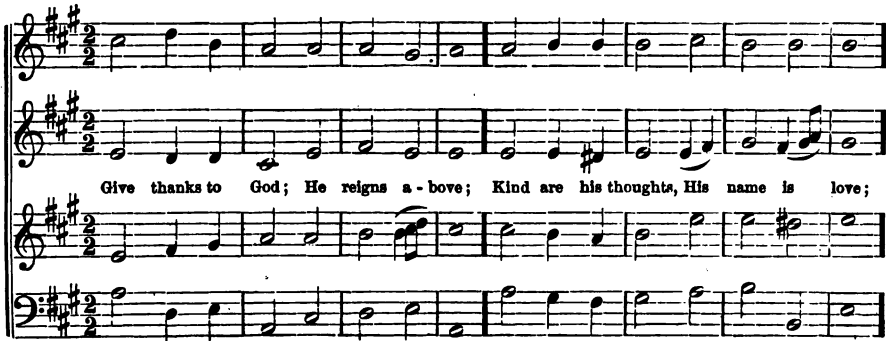
69.

L. M.

TERSTEEGEN.

THIS IS NONE OTHER BUT THE HOUSE OF GOD. — Gen. 28 : 17.

- 1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face;
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.



70.

L. M.

WATTS.

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER. — Ps. 107 : 1.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts; His name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 4 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

71.

L. M.

THOU SHALT ARISE AND HAVE MERCY UPON ZION. — Ps. 102 : 13.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns, —
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown, —
And make the nations all Thine own.

- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

72.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE WAS FOUND OF THEM; AND THE LORD GAVE THEM REST.
2 Chron. 15 : 15.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine,
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore Thee lie,

Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from Thy book.

73.

L. M.

EVERY MAN WALKETH IN A VAIN SHOW.—Ps. 39:6.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

74.

L. M.

STEELE.

THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, AND IT IS GONE.—Ps. 103:16.

- 1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?

O, let Religion then be nigh;
Her comforts were not made to die.

- 3 Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain,
And dying Hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

75.

L. M.

WATTS.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD, AND RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME.—Ps. 51:10.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

HYMNS FOR AVERNO.

76.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

THOSE THAT WALK IN PRIDE, ETC.—Dan. 4:37.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,
O, why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

77.

L. M.

TORREY.

AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER.—Luke 22:61.

- 1 WHEN silent steal across my soul
Remembrances of broken vows,
And tears, almost beyond control,
Flow, as my guilty spirit bows,—
- 2 'Tis then I've caught the Saviour's eye,
Viewing, with looks of injured love,
A soul, for whom He deigned to die,
Inconstant and ungrateful prove.
- 3 O, had He not so kindly glanced,
My weeping soul in anguish cries,
I could have borne that searching look,
But now I yield; my spirit dies.
- 4 No more on promises I'll rest,
Nor resolutions vainly made,
But leaning on my Saviour's breast,
Implore His Spirit's gracious aid.

78.

L. M.

WATTS.

HOPE THOU IN GOD.—Ps. 42:5.

- 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call Thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy waterspouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command His love,
When I address His throne by day;
Nor in the night His grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to Thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding Joy.

79.

L. M.

SAVE THY PEOPLE, ETC.—Ps. 28:9.

- 1 GOD of our fathers, 'tis Thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled Thy people with dismay.
- 2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream;
Thy Spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'Twas Thy own light whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.
- 3 Almighty Parent, still in Thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine;
Gird us with Heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.
- 4 The work of man's destruction stay;
The tide of fire still backward press;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.

80.

L. M.

WATTS.

SHALL THERE BE EVIL IN A CITY.—Amos 3:6.

- 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of Thy sword,
O, whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?
- 2 On Thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O, spare our guilty country; spare
The church which Thou hast planted here.
- 4 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 5 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

81.

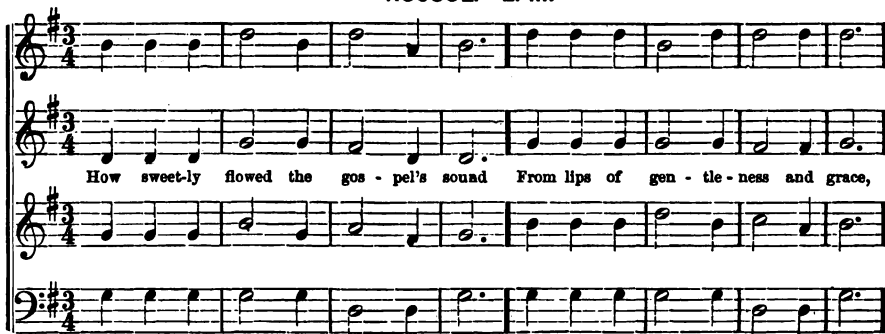
L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.—Mark 10:14.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin; it died to cares;
But for a moment felt the rod,
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,—
Such are the children of our God.

ROSCOE. L. M.



82.

L. M.

BOWRING.

THOU ART A TEACHER COME FROM GOD. — John 3:2.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

83.

L. M.

WATTS.

MY BURDEN IS LIGHT. — Matt. 11:30.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.

- 2 "They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

84.

L. M.

OUR HELP IS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD. — Ps. 124:8.

- 1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, Thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing and pray;
Be with us, then, through this Thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in Thy house appear,
Help us to worship in Thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise Thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

HYMNS FOR ROSCOE.

85.

L. M.

BROWNE.

A MAN SHALL BE AS AN HIDING-PLACE.—Is. 32:2

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despised His rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.
- 3 But thus the eternal counsel ran :
"Almighty love, arrest that man."
I felt the arrow of distress,
And found I had no Hiding-place.
- 4 Indignant justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no Hiding-place."
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appeared ;
She led me on, with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my Hiding-place.
- 6 On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell.
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their Hiding-place.
- 7 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding-place.

86.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU, LORD, ONLY MAKEST ME DWELL IN SAFETY.—Ps. 4:8.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But He forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

87.

L. M.

NEWTON.

THEY CAME TO MEET US.—Acts 28:15.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

4

- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

88.

L. M.

CLARKE.

THE LORD IS MY HELPER.—Heb. 13:6.

- 1 O, THAT angelic bliss were mine !
O, that to me the joy were given
With angel purity to shine,
With angel gifts my path to line,
And shed around a glow from heaven !
- 2 Be hushed, my heart : a fountain flows
Ready to wash away each stain ;
And deep we have, amid our woes,
One joy, that Gabriel never knows—
For us the Lamb of God was slain.
- 3 Help me, Thou Lamb, to keep in view
Thy sufferings and Thy glorious reign ;
Help me a mortal's work to do,
A mortal's mission to pursue,
That I an angel's place may gain.

89.

L. M.

WATTS.

DIVIDE IT AMONG YOURSELVES.—Luke 22:17.

- 1 THE Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 2 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.
- 3 While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near His face.
- 4 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait Thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

25

BLENDON. L. M.

GIARDINI.

Lo! what a glo - rious Cor - ner Stone The Jew - ish build - ers did re - fuse;

But God hath built his church there-on, In spite of en - vy and the Jews.

90.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE STONE WHICH THE BUILDERS REFUSED, ETC. — Ps. 118 : 22.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious Corner Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built His church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it Thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna! let His name be blessed;
A thousand honors on His head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest.
- 4 In God's own name He comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

91.

L. M.

WATTS.

STRONG CONSOLATION. — Heb. 6 : 18.

- 1 How oft hath sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power confirms the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

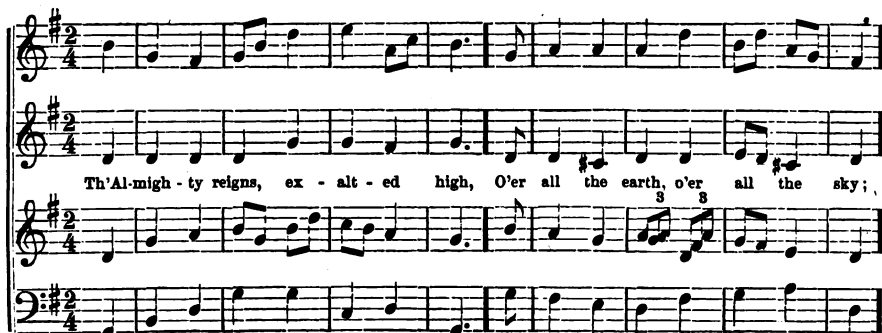
92.

L. M.

ZINZENDORF.

HE HATH COVERED ME WITH THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.
Is. 61 : 10.

- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived, and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, through Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood, ♦
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O, let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.



93.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE PRESERVETH THE SOULS OF HIS SAINTS.—Ps. 97:10.

- 1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

94.

L. M.

WATTS.

I ACKNOWLEDGED MY SIN UNTO THEE.—Ps. 32:5.

- 1 I SPREAD my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 2 How safe beneath Thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, Thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

95.

L. M.

WATTS.

REJOICETH AS A STRONG MAN TO RUN A RACE.—Ps. 19:5.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies, and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

96.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD LOVETH THE GATES OF ZION.—Ps. 87:2.

- 1 GOD in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

NAZARETH. L. M.

S. WEBB.

From year to year in love we meet, From year to year in peace we part,

The tongues of thousands uttering sweet The bo-som joy of eve-ry heart.

97. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

GRACE TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED. — Heb. 4:16.

- 1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God, awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.
- 4 Our times, our lives, are in Thy hand;
On Thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in Thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 5 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like Thy Son, from race to race.

98. L. M. WATTS.

A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, ETC. — Ps. 51:17.

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O, may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

99. L. M. WATTS.

JOY SHALL BE IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENT-
ETH. — Luke 15:7.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

ESPRESSIVO.

Come, gra-cious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide; O'er eve-ry thought and step pre-side.

100. L. M. BROWNE. AS MANY AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD. — Rom. 8:14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness — the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ — the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

101. L. M. KELLEY. HE LIFTED UP HIS HANDS AND BLESSED THEM. — Luke 24:50.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come according to Thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at Thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face;
O, speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place.

102. L. M. TOPLADY. CALL YE UPON HIM WHILE HE IS NEAR. — Is. 55:6.

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit come;
Celestial Breeze no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

103. L. M. S. F. SMITH. YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN. — 1 Cor. 6:19.

- 1 O, NOT my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But His who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with His precious blood.
- 2 O, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But His who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.
- 3 O, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
O, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessed Lord, to Thee.
- 4 O, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And Thou Thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander never more.

DOLOROSO.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ,
New Haven, Conn. 1830.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou-sands walk to- geth - er there;

But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

104.

L. M.

WATTS.

BROAD IS THE WAY THAT LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION. — Matt. 7:13.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new —
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

105.

L. M.

STEELE.

HE IS BROUGHT AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER. — Is. 53:7.

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies:
Hark! His expiring groans arise;
See, from His hands, His feet, His side,
Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.
- 2 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

- 4 Come, dearest Lord, Thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

106.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WAS SHAPEN IN INIQUITY. — Ps. 51:5.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold, I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

HYMNS FOR WINDHAM.

107.

L. M.

WATTS.

MY SOUL DOTHT WAIT. — Ps. 130 : 5.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
To Thee, my God, I raised my cries ;
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.
- 2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach Thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before Thy gate :
When will my God His face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain ;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

108.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRIVE. — Gen. 6 : 3.

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received, —
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved, —
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release ;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand ;
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

109.

L. M.

WATTS.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. — Luke 22 : 19.

- 1 'TAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake !
What love through all His actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace He spake !
- 3 "This is My body broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food :"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in My blood.
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

- 5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate ;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

110.

L. M.

STEELE.

HOW FRAIL I AM ! — Ps. 39 : 4.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

111.

L. M.

HILLHOUSE.

BE OF GOOD CHEER ; THY SINS BE FORGIVEN THEE. — Matt. 9 : 2.

- 1 TREMBLING, before Thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own ;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend ; O smile, and heal the strife.
- 2 The Saviour smiles ; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll ;
His voice proclaims my pardon found !
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
- 3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven ;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.
- 4 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken by the choral strain ;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine ;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

112.

L. M.

WATTS.

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. — John 10 : 14.

- 1 THOUGH I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 2 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, Thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

CON SPIRITO.

I will ex - tol Thee, Lord, on high; At Thy com-mand dis - eas - es fly; Who but a
God can speak and save From the dark bor-ders of the grave, From the dark bor-ders of the grave.

113.

L. M.

WATTS.

I CRIED UNTO THEE, AND THOU HAST HEALED ME.—Ps. 30:2.

- 1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high;
At Thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning Star restores the joy.

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

114.

L. M.

KENN.

I WILL SING ALOUD OF THY MERCY IN THE MORNING.—Ps. 59:10.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I to Thee my vows renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;

115.

L. M.

WATTS.

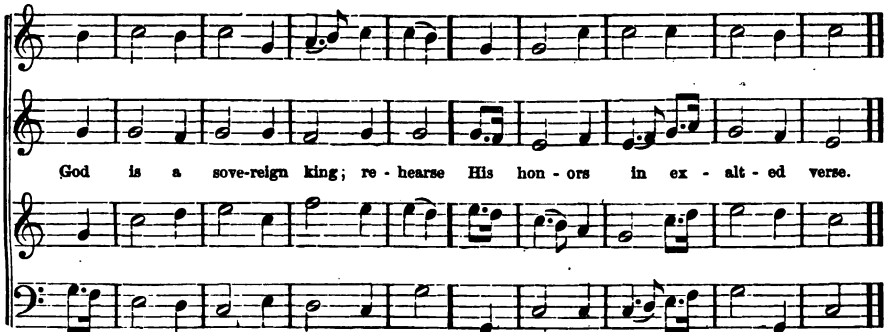
ENDURE HARDNESS AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
2 Tim. 2:3.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

ENGLISH.

ALLEGRO.



116.

L. M.

WATTS.

LET US COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE, ETC.—Ps. 95:2.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with His word:
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, His pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear His voice to-day;
The counsels of His love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

117.

L. M.

WATTS.

LET MY PRAYER BE SET BEFORE THEE AS INCENSE.—Ps. 141:2.

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in Thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

5

- 3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way,
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

118.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

WISDOM AND MIGHT ARE HIS.—Dan. 2:20.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But, though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And 'mid the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

33

CON SPIRITO.

God of the roll - ing orbs a - bove, Thy name is writ - ten clear - ly bright

In the warm day's un - varying blaze, Or eve - ning's gold - en show'r of light;

119.

L. M.

PEABODY.

ALL THE PEOPLE SEE HIS GLORY. — Ps. 97:6.

- 1 God of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light;
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at Thy burning throne.
- 2 God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

120.

L. M.

WATTS.

AND THE SEVENTH ANGEL SOUNDED, ETC. — Rev. 11:15.

- 1 Let the seventh angel sound on high;
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, Thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

121.

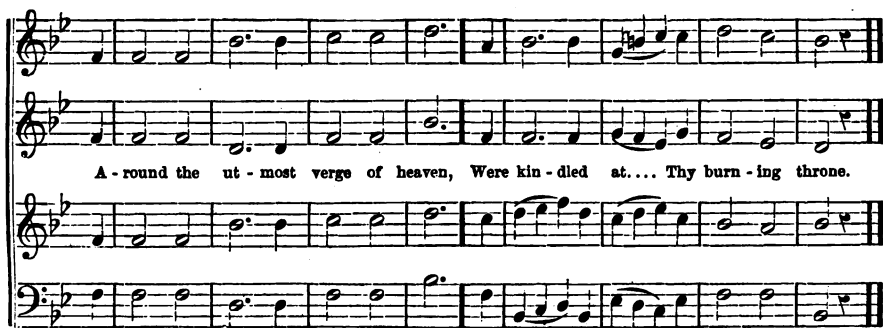
L. M.

ADDISON.

THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDY WORK. — Ps. 19:1.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HAYDN, (Continued.)



122.

L. M.

WATTS.

HIS GLORY IS ABOVE THE EARTH AND HEAVEN. — Ps. 148 : 13.

- 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Awake, ye tempests, and His fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of His name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire,
While the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
- 4 Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
- 5 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 6 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

123.

L. M.

WATTS.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL. — Ps. 104 : 1.

- 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe His glory wears.
- 2 The heavens are for His curtains spread,
The unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot, when He flies
On wingéd storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear His vengeance or His love.
- 4 The world's foundations by His hand
Are poised, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in His chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet, thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 6 How strange Thy works! how great Thy skill!
And every land Thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of Thee.

DIVOTO.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night

124.

L. M.

WATTS.

TO SHOW FORTH THY LOVING KINDNESS, ETC.—Ps. 92:2.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes—they die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

125.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND OUT GOD.—Job 11:7.

- 1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look Thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, Thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all Thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Adore Thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do Thy will.

126.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

HE SHALL SET UP AN ENSIGN FOR THE NATIONS, AND SHALL
ASSEMBLE THE OUTCASTS OF ISRAEL.—Is. 11:12.

- 1 LORD, visit Thy forsaken race;
Back to the fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 2 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 3 Hail, glorious day! expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOS. TALLIS. 1650

CHORAL.

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light ;

Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath Thine own al - migh - ty wings.

127.

L. M.

KENN.

HE THAT KEEPETH THEE WILL NOT SLUMBER. — Ps. 121:3.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the latter day.

128.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

I HAVE SET THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME. — Ps. 16:8.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to Thee ;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.
- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn ;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell ;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze ;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give ;
To death, whose power I soon must feel ;
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

129.

L. M.

STEELE.

THY FAITHFULNESS EVERY NIGHT. — Ps. 92:2.

- 1 GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm :
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends His kind, protecting arm ?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

CHICKERING'S CHANT. L. M.

DAVID PAINE.

MODERATO.

How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peace - ful and se - rene,

And when the sun, with cloud - less ray, Sheds mel - low lus - tre o'er the scene!

130. L. M. BATHURST.

LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS. — Num. 23:10.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

131. L. M. RICHTER.

CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT. — Eph. 5:14.

- 1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies;
To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies;

My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O, let Thy presence set me free.

- 2 Lost and undone, for aid I cry;
In Thy death, Saviour, let me die;
Grieved with Thy grief, pained with Thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of Thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

132. L. M. S. STENNETT.

WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME,
THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM. — Matt. 18:20.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

SAXONY. L. M.

ANCIENT GERMAN CHORAL.
Harmonized by Rev. W. H. HAYES, Worcester, Eng.

CHORAL.

Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?

133.

L. M.

WATTS.

HAVE MERCY UPON ME.—Ps. 51:1.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

134.

L. M.

WATTS.

HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME, O LORD?—Ps. 13:1.

- 1 How long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Canst Thou Thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be denied?
- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom Thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul Thine absence mourn,
And still despair of Thy return?
- 3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If Thou withhold Thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

135.

L. M.

SIR W. SCOTT.

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY, ETC.—1 Pet. 4:18.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

ASHLAND. L. M.

ALLEGRO.

De - scend from heaven, im - mor - tal Dove ; Stoop down and take us on thy wings ; And mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these inferior things, The reach of these inferior things.

136.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD HATH REVEALED THEM UNTO US BY HIS SPIRIT.
1 Cor. 2:10.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove ;
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings ;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love ?

137.

L. M.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST. — Matt. 21:9.

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill ?
- 2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings :
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise ;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart :
He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;
See David's Son and Lord appear ;
Glory and praise on earth be given :
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

HYMNS FOR ASHLAND.

138.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

THE LOVING KINDNESSES OF THE LORD.—Is. 63:7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O, how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O, how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

139.

L. M.

WHITE.

WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEED-
ING GREAT JOY.—Matt. 2:10.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned; and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

140.

L. M.

WATTS.

ENLIGHTENING THE EYES.—Ps. 19:8.

- 1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

141.

L. M.

VOKE.

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.—Matt. 10:8.

- 1 BEHOLD the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Where'er His hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to His name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

142.

L. M.

THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD, ETC.—Rev. 11:15.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

VIGOROSO.

The Lord is come; the heavens pro-claim His birth; the na-tions learn His name;

An un-known star di-rects the road Of east-ern sa-ges to their God.

143.

L. M.

WATTS.

WORSHIP HIM, ALL YE GODS.—Ps. 97:7. 3

- 1 THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn His name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before Him bow;
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But, Judah, shout; but, Zion, sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

144.

L. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

SO ARE MY WAYS HIGHER THAN YOUR WAYS.—Is. 55:9.

- 1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love.
- 2 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at Thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

145.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.—Ps. 24:7.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is this King of glory — who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed.

ESPRESSIVO.

Who shall as - cend Thy heav'n - ly place, Great God, and dwell be - fore Thy face?

The man who minds re - li - gion now, And hum - bly walks with God be - low.

146. L. M. WATTS.
WHO SHALL DWELL IN THY HOLY HILL?—Ps. 15:1.

- 1 WHO shall ascend Thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before Thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man Thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with Thee.

147. L. M. T. SCOTT.
IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE?—Jer. 8:22.

- 1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold, the Prince of glory dies!

He dies extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

- 3 Dear Saviour, at Thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.
- 4 Expand, my soul, with holy joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ,
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

148. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.
HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS.
Ps. 72:6.

- 1 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

ALLEGRO.

Then shall the trem - bling mourn - er come, And find his sheaves and bear them home;

The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

149.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM. — Ps. 126 : 6.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers,
Troubled with storms, and big with showers!
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!
- 3 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 4 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

150.

L. M.

COLLYER.

HASTE THEE: ESCAPE THITHER. — Gen. 19 : 22.

- 1 HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.
- 2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

- 3 O, yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.

- 4 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

151.

L. M.

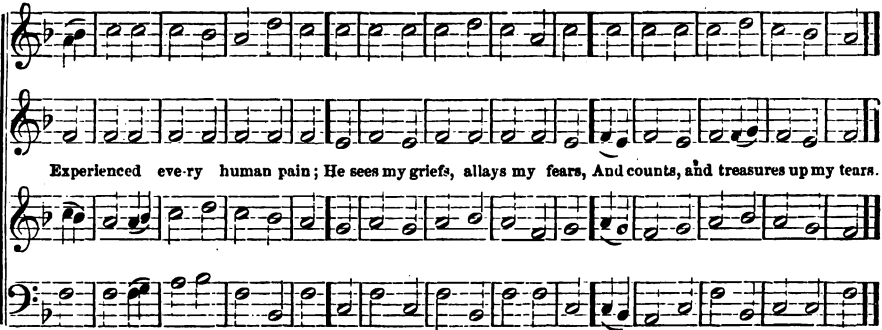
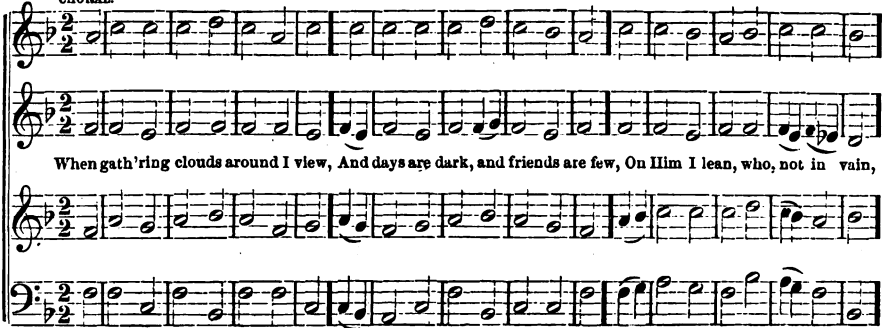
WATTS.

HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS. — John 14 : 26.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know;
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

DRESDEN. L. M. 61.

CHORAL.



152.

L. M.

GRANT.

TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.—Heb. 4:15.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And, O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

153.

L. M

ADDISON.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT.—Ps. 23:1.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall know no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HAMBURG. L. M.

As - sem - bled at Thy great com - mand, Be - fore Thy face, dread King, we stand:

The voice that mar - shalled eve - ry star Has called Thy peo - ple from a - far.

154.

L. M.

COLLYER.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS. — Ps. 89:7.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

155.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN ME IS THINE HELP. — Hos. 13:9.

- 1 POUR out Thy spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

156.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HAVING, THEREFORE, OBTAINED HELP OF GOD, I CONTINUE
UNTO THIS DAY. — Acts 26:22.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

HYMNS FOR HAMBURG.

157.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU HAST PROVED MINE HEART. — Ps. 17 : 3.

- 1 LORD, I am Thine ; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword — the hand is Thine.
- 2 What sinners value I resign :
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

158.

L. M.

NEWTON.

THE HOPE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS BY FAITH. — Gal. 5 : 5.

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still, —
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

159.

L. M.

WATTS.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS HAST THOU
ORDAINED STRENGTH. — Ps. 8 : 2.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth Thy name is spread ;
And Thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.
- 2 To Thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of Thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amid Thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

160.

L. M.

WATTS.

ASCRIBE YE STRENGTH UNTO GOD. — Ps. 86 : 34.

- 1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

161.

L. M.

MADAME GUION.

AM I A GOD AT HAND ? — Jer. 23 : 23.

- 1 ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

162.

L. M.

A GOD READY TO PARDON. — Neh. 9 : 17.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Eternal Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

163. L. M. WATTS.
CONFORMABLE UNTO HIS DEATH. — Phil. 3:10.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

164. L. M. STEELE.
WE HAVE AN ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER. — 1 John 2:1.

- 1 WHERE is my God? Does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

- 3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

165. L. M. WATTS.
THE LORD SHALL GUIDE THEE CONTINUALLY, AND SATISFY
THY SOUL. — Is. 58:11.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

HYMNS FOR WARE.

166.

L. M.

STEELE.

I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE. — John 10:28.

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While Thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

167.

L. M.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT. — Lk. 28:18.

- 1 DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.
- 2 And dear to me the wingéd hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord;
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.
- 5 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 6 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre;
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours are the prophet's car of fire
Which bears us to a Father's arms.

168.

L. M.

NEWTON.

HAPPY IS THE MAN WHOM GOD CORRECTETH. — Job 5:17.

- 1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once He'd answer my request,
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.

5 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

6 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

169.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

CONTINUING DAILY WITH ONE ACCORD IN THE TEMPLE.
Acts 2:46.

- 1 How blessed the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above —
A heaven of joy because of love.

170.

L. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT HEARETH ME. — Prov. 8:34.

- 1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord, —
"Blessed is the man that hears My word,
Keeps daily watch before My gates,
And at My feet for mercy waits.
- 2 "The soul that seeks Me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward;
Life, and the favor of the Lord."

ESPRESSIVO.

Bless'd who with gen'rous pity glows, Who learns to feel a-noth-er's woes, Bows to the poor man's want his ear,

And wipes the helpless orphan's tear: In eve-ry want and eve-ry woe, Himself Thy pi-ty, Lord, shall know.

171.

L. M.

MERRICK.

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR.—Ps. 41:1.

- 1 BLESSED who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:
In every want, in every woe,
Himself Thy pity, Lord, shall know.
- 2 Thy love his life shall guard, Thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
When, languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit shall sustain.

172.

L. M.

OLIVER.

HIS GREAT LOVE WHEREWITH HE LOVED US.—Eph. 2:4.

- 1 SOFT be the gently-breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above:
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
So soft to our almighty Friend,
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.
- 2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;

Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To Him who bled upon the tree.

173.

L. M.

MOORE.

OF HIM, AND THROUGH HIM, AND TO HIM.—Rom. 11:26.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the Life and Light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

CONGREGATIONAL CHANT. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

MAESTOSO.

Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Im - manuel's name;

To dis - tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

174.

L. M.

I WILL PUBLISH THE NAME OF THE LORD. — Deut. 32:3.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

175.

L. M.

BALFOUR.

GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS. Matt. 28:19.

- 1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 3 Go, bid the bright and morning Star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

176.

L. M.

WATTS.

ALL KINGS SHALL FALL DOWN BEFORE HIM. — Ps. 72:11.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to their King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

DOLCE.

Time's gild - ed tints, hope's gold - en gleam, Fade from my sight, though once so fair;

And youth's fond, false, de - ceit - ful dream, Dis - solves a - way in emp - ty air.

177. L. M.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL. — Mark 7:37.

- 1 TIME's gilded tints, hope's golden gleam,
Fade from my sight, though once so fair;
And youth's fond, false, deceitful dream
Dissolves away in empty air.
- 2 Each plan of life forever broke,
Each comfort sinking to the grave,
I bow beneath the eternal stroke,
Deprived of all by Him who gave.
- 3 Yet it is God! Be still, my soul;
That God who sees the sparrow fall,
Whose kindness watches to console,
That gracious God has ordered all.
- 4 He takes my health and strength away,
Yet guides my life with perfect skill;
Then let me own His righteous sway,
And bow submissive to His will.

178. L. M. COLLYER.

RETURN UNTO ME. — Mal 3:7.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;

Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

179. L. M. WATTS.

IF YE LIVE AFTER THE FLESH, YE SHALL DIE. — Rom. 8:13.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

HYMNS FOR RETREAT.

180.

L. M.

HYDE.

THINK UPON ME, MY GOD, FOR GOOD.—Neh. 5:19.

- 1 THOUGH earthly friends estranged may grow,
Or, in my need, afar may be,
It is enough, my God, to know
That Thou for good wilt think on me.
- 2 On me, so worthless and so vile!
Amazing grace! and can it be
I may look up to meet Thy smile,
And Thou look down to think on me?
- 3 When crushed beneath my load of sin,
Let me that burden cast on Thee;
'Mid fears and griefs, without, within,
In pardoning pity, think on me.
- 4 The toils and cares consuming life,
The bitter words I fain would flee,
While faints my spirit in the strife,
Behold them, Lord, and think on me.
- 5 Help me to trust Thy love and care
If sorer conflicts yet to see;
In the dark valley treading, there,
My God, for good, O, think on me.

181.

L. M.

J. E. SMITH.

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.—Matt. 14:27.

- 1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
- 2 Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
- 3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

182.

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD.—Luke 2:13.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung:
- 4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

- 5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

183

L. M.

WATTS.

IT BEHOVED CHRIST TO SUFFER AND TO RISE FROM THE DEAD.—Luke 24:46.

- 1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

184.

L. M.

STOWELL.

I WILL COMMUNE WITH THEE FROM ABOVE THE MERCY SEAT.
Ex. 25:22.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.
- 5 O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy seat.

CON MOTO.

So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess ;

So let our works and vir - tues shine To prove the doc - trine , all di - vine.

185. L. M. WATTS.
THAT THEY MAY ADORN THE DOCTRINE. — Tit. 2:10.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

186. L. M. T. SCOTT.
I MADE HASTE, AND DELAYED NOT. — Ps. 119:60.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O, hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

- 3 O, hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 4 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn ;
Now rouse him from his senseless state ;
O, let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

187. L. M. GREGG.

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK. — Rev. 3:20.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still, —
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and outstretched hands ;
O, matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 Admit Him ; for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit Him ; or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 4 "Open my heart, Lord, enter in ;
Slay every foe, and conquer sin :
I now to Thee my all resign ;
My body, soul, and all are Thine."

HYMNS FOR MEROE.

188.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

WE WENT WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION.—Ps. 137:1.

- 1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees, that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.
- 5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue,
Or if I sing one cheerful air
Till thy deliverance is my song.

189.

L. M. NOEL.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.—Ex. 20:12.

- 1 To honor those who gave us birth,
To cheer their age, to feel their worth,
Is God's command to human kind,
And owned by every grateful mind.
- 2 Think of her toil, her anxious care,
Who formed thy lisping lips to prayer;
To win for God the yielding soul,
And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 3 Nor keep from memory's glad review
The fears which all the father knew,
The joy that marked his thankful gaze
As virtue crowned maturer days.
- 4 God of our life, each parent guard,
And death's sad hour, O, long retard;
Be theirs each joy that gilds the past,
And heaven our mutual home at last.

190.

L. M. SEWARD.

TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE.—Is. 58:6.

- 1 LORD, when Thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth Thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 Lo, in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave!
Lord God of hosts, stretch forth Thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in;
How long delays the appointed hour?

- 4 As Thou of old to Miriam's hand
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
And to the joyful song her land
Echoed from desert to the shore,—

- 5 O, let Thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free—
"Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,
For He hath conquered gloriously!"

191.

L. M. WATTS.

MADE UNTO US WISDOM, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, ETC.—1 Cor. 1:30.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears
Till His atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

192.

L. M. WATTS.

WE HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.—Col. 1:14.

- 1 HERE at Thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honors to His name.

193.

L. M. WATTS.

BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH, ETC.—Rom. 5:1.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blessed are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

WARD. L. M.

1 Breathe, Ho - ly Spi - rit, from a - bove, Un - til our hearts with fer - vor glow :

2 Bid our con - flict - ing pas - sions cease, And ter - ror from each con - science flee ;

3 Give us to taste Thy heaven - ly joy, Our hopes to bright - est glo - ry raise ;

Oh, kin - die there a Sa - viour's love, True sym - pa - thy with hu - man woe.

Oh, speak to eve - ry bo - som peace, Un - known to all who know not Thee.

Guide us to bliss with - out al - loy, And tune our hearts to end - less praise.

194. L. M. WATTS.
O, LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME AND KNOWN ME.
Ps. 139 : 1.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through :
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

195. L. M. WATTS.
OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH. — Ps. 46 : 1.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

196. L. M. WATTS.
SHE SHALL NOT BE MOVED. — Ps. 46 : 6.

- 1 THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode ;
- 2 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth and armed with power.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

I. SMITH.

DELOROSO.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! Mine ears, at-tend the cry:

"Ye liv-ing men, come, view the ground Where you must short-ly lie."

197.

C. M.

WATTS.

IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE.—Heb. 9:27.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

198.

C. M.

WATTS.

WITH LOVING KINDNESS HAVE I DRAWN THEE.—Jer. 31:3.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

- 3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room—
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

199.

C. M.

WATTS.

JUSTIFIED BY THE FAITH OF CHRIST.—Gal. 2:16.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God His sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But Thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by Thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy cross we rest;
Forever be Thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

VIGOROSO.

All hail, the pow'r of Je-sus' name; Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

200.

C. M.

DUNCAN.

HE IS LORD OF ALL. — Acts 10:36.

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

201.

C. M.

WATTS.

A CLOUD RECEIVED HIM OUT OF THEIR SIGHT. — Acts 1:9.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMNS FOR CORONATION.

202.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JEHOVAH IS MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG.
Is. 12:2.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

203.

C. M.

WATTS.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME YE TO THE WATERS.
Is. 55:1.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind!
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

204.

C. M.

WATTS.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS. — Cant. 2:16.

- 1 MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.
- 6 Haste, my Belovéd; fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

205.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH. — Ps. 43:3.

- 1 SEND forth Thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with Thy Spirit's power,
And thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of its grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed —
A blooming paradise.
- 3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.
- 4 Lord, for these days we wait; these days
Are in Thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.
- 5 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

DI VOTO.

The Lord of glo - ry is my Light, And my Sal - va - tion too;

God is my Strength; nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

206.

C. M.

WATTS.

THAT I MAY DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, ETC. — Ps. 27: 4.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

207.

C. M.

WATTS.

THROUGH HIM WE BOTH HAVE ACCESS BY ONE SPIRIT UNTO
THE FATHER. — Eph. 2: 18.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And vengeance was His name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 6 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays His fury by.

HYMNS FOR GLENCAIRN.

208.

C. M.

WATTS.

THY WORD WAS UNTO ME THE JOY AND REJOICING OF MINE
HEART. — Jer. 15:16.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in Thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O, may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

209.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

WHO SOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE
FREELY. — Rev. 22:17.

- 1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds, —
A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will — O, gracious word! —
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

210.

C. M.

WATTS.

A HERITAGE FOREVER. — Ps. 119:111.

- 1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blessed;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

211.

C. M.

WATTS.

VANITY OF VANITIES; ALL IS VANITY. — Eccl. 1:2.

- 1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below, the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

212.

C. M.

STEELE.

THEY SHALL BEHOLD THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF.
Is. 33:17.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 No clouds those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 3 O, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

ALLEGRO.

Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired;

Loud and more loud the an-thems raise, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.

213. C. M. WARDLAW.

LIFT UP THY VOICE WITH STRENGTH. — Is. 40:3.

- 1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

214. C. M. WATTS.

I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION. — Hab. 3:18.

- 1 THERE'S nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire, —
- 2 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

- 3 The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings His own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.

- 4 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

215. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE REDEEMED SHALL WALK THERE. — Is. 35:9.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

DUNDEE. C. M.

From JOHN KNOX's Psalms, 1615.

CHORAL.

Come, thou De - sire of all Thy saints! Our hum - ble strains at - tend.

While, with our prais - es and com - plaints, Low at Thy feet we bend.

216. C. M. STEELE.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME.— Hag. 2:7

- 1 COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home!

217. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

HAST THOU FAITH?—Rom. 14:22.

- 1 HAVE I that faith which looks to Christ,
O'ercomes the world and sin,
Receives Him, Prophet, Priest, and King,
And makes the conscience clean?

- 2 If I this precious grace possess,
All praise is due to Thee;
If not, I seek it from Thy hands;
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

218. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS, SO PANTETH
MY SOUL AFTER THEE, O GOD.—Ps. 42:1.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and He'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

DOXOLOGY.

To Him who reigns in worlds of light,
The eternal King of heaven,
Be honor, majesty, and might,
And praise, and glory given.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

ENGLISH.

ALLEGRO.

Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes my wak - ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him who rules the skies.

219.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WILL UPHOLD THEE.—Is. 41:10.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which He sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak His praise;
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
And yet His wrath delays.
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be Thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

220.

C. M.

LYTE.

SHOUT UNTO GOD WITH THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH.—Ps. 47:1.

- 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore;
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord.
- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
The ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts His conquering Son
To His right hand of power.
- 4 O, shout, ye people, and adore;
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord.

221.

C. M.

WATTS.

YE WERE SEALED WITH THAT HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE.
Eph. 1:13.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMNS FOR PETERBOROUGH.

222.

C. M.

COWPER.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF CHRIST. — 2 COR. 4:4.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

223.

C. M.

WATTS.

THY COMMANDMENT IS EXCEEDING BROAD. — Ps. 119:96.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below Thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

224.

C. M.

WATTS

LET ISRAEL HOPE IN THE LORD. — Ps. 130:7.

- 1 I WAIT for Thy salvation, Lord;
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by Thy word,
Stands watching at Thy gate.
- 2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes, —
- 3 So waits my soul to see Thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

- 4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust;
Let Israel seek His face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in His grace.

- 5 There's full redemption at His throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is His Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

225.

C. M.

WHITE.

THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE NOISE OF MANY
WATERS. — Ps. 93:4.

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night; your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

226.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?
Mark 8:37.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:
- 2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in One.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below
In earthly vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
This knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

ALLEGRO.

My God, my Por-tion, and my Love, My ev-er-last-ing All,

I've none but Thee in heaven a-bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.

227.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE.—Ps. 16:5.

- 1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 To Thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars mine own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

228.

C. M.

WESLEY.

TENDER HEARTED.—Eph. 4:32.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord!
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
And trembles at Thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow;

That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress
The pledge Thou wilt at last receive—
And bid me die in peace.

229.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH.
Luke 13:3.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 Together in His presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.
- 3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to His bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days;
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.
Died 1831.

DIVOTO.

While Thee I seek, Pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

230.

C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE, ETC.—Is. 26:3.

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,—
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
That mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart will rest on Thee.

231.

C. M. WATTS.

HE FLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW.—Job 14:2.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Good God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

BRATTLE STREET. (Continued.)

2. Thy love the power of thought be-stowed,— To Thee my thoughts would soar;

Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed,— That mer - cy I a - dore.

232. C. M. MIDDLETON.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.—2 Cor. 13:5.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be Thine;
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to Thee.

233. C. M. COLLYER.

FORSAKE ME NOT WHEN MY STRENGTH FAILETH.—Ps. 71:9.

- 1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at Thy command;
- 2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend the bursting heart;

- 3 O Thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

- 4 Lay Thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

234. C. M. NOEL.

WEeping MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT; BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.—Ps. 30:5.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

LONDON. C. M.

OLD ENGLISH.
Arranged by Wm. HORSLEY.

CHORAL.

How won - drous great, how glo - rious bright, Must our Cre - a - tor be,
Who dwells a - midst the daz - zling light, Of vast in - fi - ni - ty!

235.

C. M.

WATTS.

WITH GOD IS TERRIBLE MAJESTY.—Job 37:22.

- 1 How wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Towards the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath Thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our laboring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angel's strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.

236.

C. M.

PATRICK.

GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS.—Ex. 15:11.

- 1 O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

DOXOLOGY.

Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing;
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOS. A. ARNE.
1710-1778.

ALLEGRO.

237.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, ETC.—Ps. 14:1.

- 1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds the affairs of men."
- 2 From thoughts so dreadfully profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from His celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought His grace,
Or did His justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears His Maker's hand;
There's none that love's His name.
- 5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!
- 6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit
Till grace prepare the ground.

238.

C. M.

COWPER.

AND THE LORD SHOWED HIM ALL THE LAND.—Deut. 34:1.

- 1 I WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above
Wings such as clothe an angel's form—
The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!
To Thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge;
O, save me, lest I fall.
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
• My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at His word,
And none shall cast me down.

HYMNS FOR ARLINGTON.

239.

C. M.

COWPER.

THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP.—Ps. 36:6.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

240.

C. M.

WATTS.

WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST.—Heb. 4:14.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

241.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS GIVETH LIGHT.—Ps. 119:130.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

242.

C. M.

WATTS.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS ALSO.—Rom. 5:3.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my All;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

243.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE.—Luke 2:46.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

MODERATO.



O, hap - py is the man who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice,
And who ce - les - tial Wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

244.

C. M.

JONES.

IF I PERISH, I PERISH.—Est. 4:16.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose .
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

245.

C. M.

LOGAN.

HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.—PROV. 8:17.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
 - 2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.
 - 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.
 - 4 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
 - 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
- DOXOLOGY.
- Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMNS FOR BALLERMA.

246.

C. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT ARE CHRIST'S HAVE CRUCIFIED THE FLESH.
Gal. 5:24.

O, if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God!
Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

247.

C. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD SHALL BE AS MOUNT ZION.
Ps. 125:1.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

248.

C. M.

WHITE.

THAT WE MAY LEAD A QUIET AND PEACEABLE LIFE.
1 Tim. 2:2

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O, let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

249.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN HIM.—Ps. 34:8.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When, in distress, to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

4 O, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

250.

C. M.

EDMESTON.

THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.—Job 13:15.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 O, may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

251.

C. M.

CENNICK.

THE DESIRE OF OUR SOUL IS TO THY NAME.—Is. 26:8.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O, may I ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

MEAR. C. M.

CHORAL.

O, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,
 "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day !"

252. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS. — Ps. 122:7.

- 1 O, 'T'WAS a joyful sound to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 "Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day!"
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
 With our assembled powers,
 In strong and beauteous order ranged,
 Like her united towers.
- 3 O, pray we then for Salem's peace,
 For they shall prosperous be,
 Thou holy city of our God,
 Who bear true love to thee.
- 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
 A constant guest be found;
 With plenty and prosperity
 Thy palaces be crowned.

253. C. M. WATTS.

O, HOW LOVE I THY LAW. — Ps. 137:97.

- 1 O, how I love Thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate Thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear Thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth Thy word my heart engage!

How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heavenly song.

- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write Thy praise.

254. C. M.

THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD LOVE HIS BROTHER ALSO.
 1 John 4:21.

- 1 OUR God is love, and all His saints
 His image bear below;
 The heart with love to God inspired,
 With love to man will glow.
- 2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou,
 Thy favored children we;
 O, may we love each other here,
 As we are loved by Thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same;
 With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world
 See how true Christians love,
 And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS. About 1800.

ALLEGRO. 4/4

How long, dear Sa-viour, O, how long Shall this bright hour de-lay? Fly

How long, dear Sa-viour, O, how long Shall this.. bright hour de-lay?

How long, dear Sa-viour, O, how long Shall this bright hour de-lay?

Fly swifter round, ye

swifter round, ye wheels of time, Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel-come day.

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,..... And bring.... the wel-come day.

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel-come day.

wheels of time, Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel-come day.

255.

C. M.

WATTS.

I, JOHN, SAW THE HOLY CITY NEW JERUSALEM COMING DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN.—REV. 21:2

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

256.

C. M.

WATTS.

SALVATION WILL GOD APPOINT, ETC.—Is. 26:1.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

257.

C. M.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, ETC.—Ps. 55:22.

- 1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy grief sustain.
- 2 Ne'er will the Lord His aid deny
To those who trust His love;
The men who on His grace rely
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.

WHITE.

ALLEGRO. 

258.

C. M.

C. PSALMIST.

THE HOLY JERUSALEM. — Rev. 21:10.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

259.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND. — Deut. 28:8.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

260.

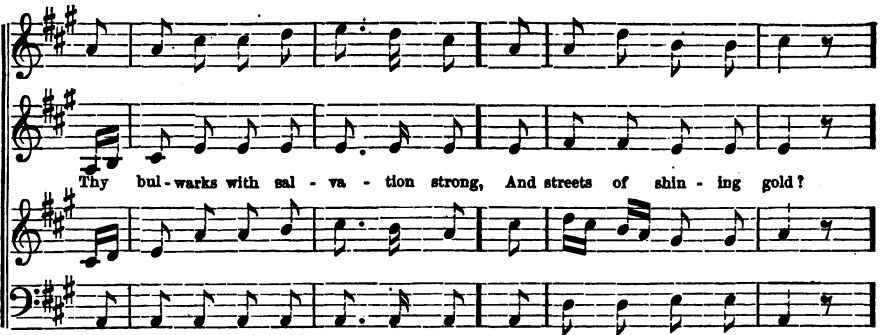
C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL BE ACCEPTED, ETC. — Isa. 56:7.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

JERUSALEM. (Continued.)



2 Thine, wholly Thine, O, let us be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

261. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN. — Phil 3:20.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.
- 4 O, there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.
- 5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ, before the throne;
Ere long, we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

262.

C. M.

WHITE.

WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER
DIE. — John 11:26.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

PHUVAH. C. M.

MELCHIOR BULPIUS.
Weimar, 1618.

CHORAL.

God of our fa - thers, to Thy throne, Our grate - ful songs we raise;

Thou art our God, and Thou a - lone; Ac - cept our hum - ble praise.

263.

C. M.

I WILL BE THEIR GOD. — Gen. 17:8.

- 1 God of our fathers, to Thy throne
Our grateful songs we raise;
Thou art our God, and Thou alone;
Accept our humble praise.
- 2 Here Thou wert once the pilgrims' Guide;
Thou gav'st them here a place,
Where freedom spreads its blessings wide
O'er all their favored race.
- 3 Here, Lord, Thy gospel's holy light
Is shed on all our hills,
And, like the rains and dews of night,
Celestial grace distills.
- 4 Still teach us, Lord, Thy name to fear,
And still our Guardian be;
O, let our children's children here
Forever worship Thee.

264.

C. M.

REED.

I LOVE THE LORD. — Ps. 116:1.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; He guides my way
By His revealed will,
And when my erring feet would stray,
His hand is with me still.
- 2 I love the Lord; He hears my prayer
When stormy troubles rise,
And bids celestial hope look out
On ever-smiling skies.*

- 3 I love the Lord; His grace attends
My pilgrimage below,
And all the streams of grace shall soon
In boundless glory flow.
- 4 I love the Lord; may each desire
In this united be:
As, Lord, Thy love descends on me,
So raise my heart to Thee.

265.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME. — Ps. 116:6.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.
- 2 I love the Lord; He bowed His ear
And chased my griefs away;
O, let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.
- 4 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

CHORAL.

Some seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue, Or harp of gold-en string,

That I may raise a lof-ty song To our e-ter-nal King.

266.

C. M.

WATTS.

UNTO THE KING ETERNAL.—1 Tim. 1:17.

- 1 Some seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.
- 2 Thy names, how infinite they be,
Great, everlasting One!
Boundless Thy might and majesty,
And unconfined Thy throne.
- 3 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large Thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

267.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD BY WISDOM HATH FOUNDED THE EARTH.—Prov. 3:19.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder—God.

268.

C. M.

BAXTER.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.—1 Pet. 5:7.

- 1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes.
Must enter by this door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?
- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all.
And I shall be with Him.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - mid His Fa - ther's throne ; Pre - pare new

hon - ors for His name, And songs be - fore un - known, And songs be - fore un - known.

269.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOLDEN VIALS, FULL OF ODORS. — REV. 5:8.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid His Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on Thy head.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

270.

C. M.

WATTS.

JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH. — Heb. 12:2.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

271.

C. M.

WATTS.

CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS. — Eph. 6:1.

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say,
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Judgments that fill the soul with awe
Are written by the Lord
For him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word.

CHRISTMAS. C.M.

FROM HANDEL.

SOON SPIRITO.

A-wake, my soul, stretch eve-ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heavenly race de-

mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

272.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE. — PHIL. 3:14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

273.

C. M.

STEELE.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST. — 2 COR. 5:14.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O, may His love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach?

What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

- 3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."
- 4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

274.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION OF GOD.
2 TIM. 3:16.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

MARTYRS. C. M.

From RAVENSCROFT'S COLL. 1688.

CHORAL.

Sin, like a ven - o - mous dis - ease, In - fects our vi - tal blood.

The on - ly balm is sov' - reign grace, And the Phy - si - cian, God.

275.

C. M.

WATTS.

IF WE SAY THAT WE HAVE NO SIN, WE DECEIVE OURSELVES.
1 John 1:8.

- 1 SIN, like a venomous disease;
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the Physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With His almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

276.

C. M.

ADDISON.

WHEN HE VISITETH, WHAT SHALL I ANSWER HIM?
Job 31:14.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —

- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear?

277.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

SANCTIFY THE LORD OF HOSTS. — Is. 8:13.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach:
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

WINTER. C. M.

DAN'L READ, New Haven.

ALLEGRO.

His ho - ry frost, His fle - cy snow, De - scend and clothe the ground;

The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.

278.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAISE IS COMELY.—Ps. 147: 1.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends His word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

279.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME.—Rev. 14: 7.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at His power,

- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
He makes the clouds His throne;
There all His stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send His wrath abroad.
- 4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath His word.
- 5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

280.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WILL ALSO GATHER ALL NATIONS.—Joel 3: 2.

- 1 PRY the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 2 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all Thy faithful race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

ALLEGRO.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

281.

C. M.

WATTS.

STAND FAST IN THE FAITH; QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.—1 Cor. 16:13.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

282.

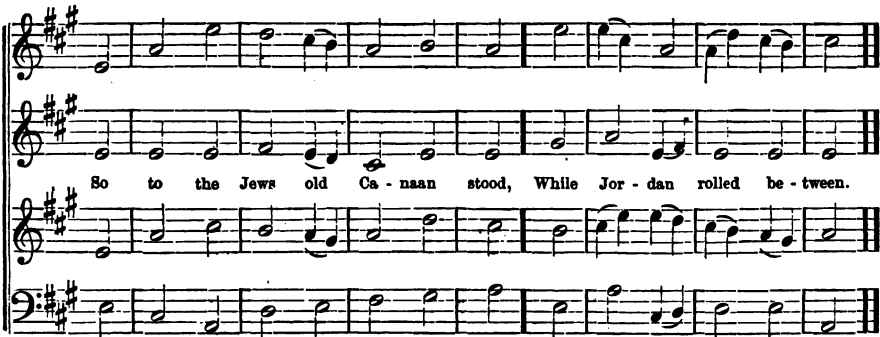
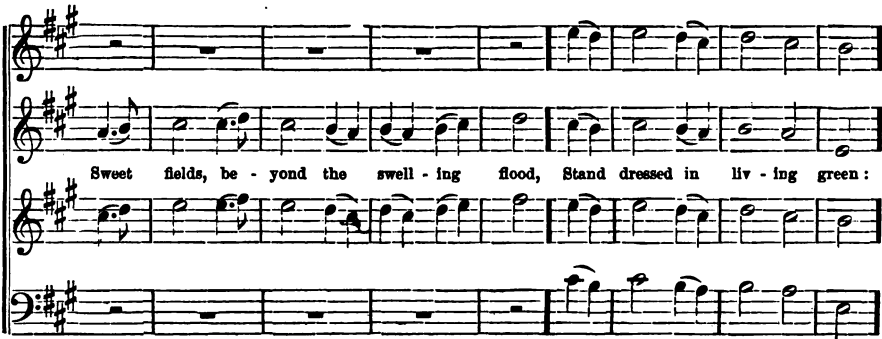
C. M.

WATTS.

THE LAND OF YOUR HABITATIONS.—Num. 15:2.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

JORDAN. (Continued.)



283. C. M. STEELE.
I WILL GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE FOREVER.—Ps. 30:12.

- 1 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of His grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 2 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.
- 3 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear;
Attend my plaintive cry;
Be Thou, my gracious Helper, near,
And bid my sorrows fly.
- 4 Again I hear Thy voice divine;
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I resign,
And gladness girds me round.
- 5 To Thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue;
O be Thy goodness and Thy praise
My everlasting song.

284. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.
IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD, ETC.—Matt. 18:10.

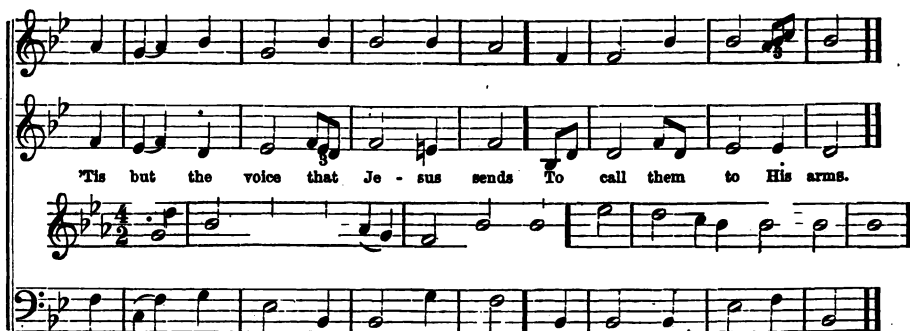
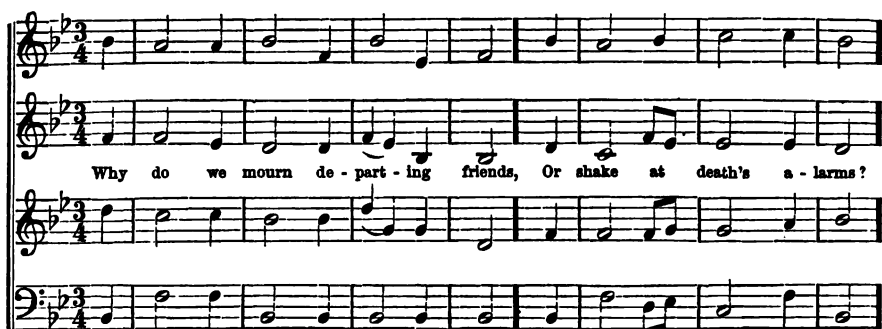
- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Parents and children, one by one,
Must die and pass away.
- 5 Great God, impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to Thy rest.

DOXOLOGY. WATTS.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.



285.

C. M.

WATTS.

UNLESS THY LAW HAD BEEN MY DELIGHTS. — Ps. 119 : 92.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send;
My soul for Thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not Thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
- 4 Before I knew Thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

286.

C. M.

WATTS.

LORD, MY HEART IS NOT HAUGHTY. — Ps. 131 : 1.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And quiet as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

287.

C. M.

WATTS.

IF WE BE DEAD WITH CHRIST, WE BELIEVE THAT WE SHALL
ALSO LIVE WITH HIM. — Rom. 8 : 8.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. Double.

CHORAL.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend His cause, }
Main - tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross. }
D. C. Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
D. C.

288. C. M. WATTS.

FOR I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.—2 Tim. 1:12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

289. C. M. WATTS.

YE HAVE RECEIVED THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION, ETC.—Rom. 8:15.

- 1 LORD, I address Thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of Thine,
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 2 There shed Thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

290. C. M. WATTS.

THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.
Is. 33:17.

- 1 FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all Thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Belovéd; fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.
From the "Dulcimer," by permission.

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!

291.

C. M.

HEBER.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.—Mark 10:14.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

292.

C. M.

HEBER.

I KNOW THAT THOU WILT BRING ME TO DEATH.—Job 30:23.

- 1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 6 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

HYMNS FOR SILOAM.

293.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE WILL SPEAK PEACE UNTO HIS PEOPLE.—Ps. 85:8.

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard;
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo, the everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my Friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more,
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

294.

C. M.

NOEL.

DID NOT OUR HEART BURN WITHIN US?—Luke 24:32.

- 1 If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a Friend is nigh;—
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Who bore our guilt and woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed!
“Meet and remember Me.”
- 4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

295.

C. M.

WATTS.

THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.—Prov. 8:17.

- 1 HAPPY'S the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
‘Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 ‘Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
‘Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

296.

C. M.

NEWTON.

ALL THE PEOPLE THAT CAME TOGETHER, ETC.—Luke 23:48.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look He gave, which said,
“I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die that thou mayst live.”

297.

C. M.

COWPER.

ISAAC WENT OUT TO MEDITATE IN THE FIELD AT THE EVEN-
TIDE.—Gen. 24:63.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

298.

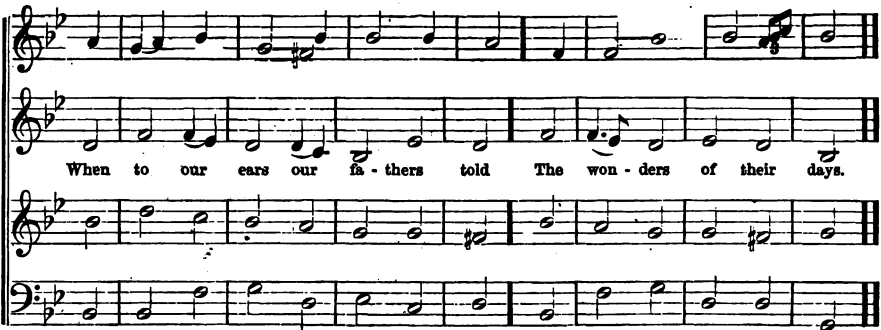
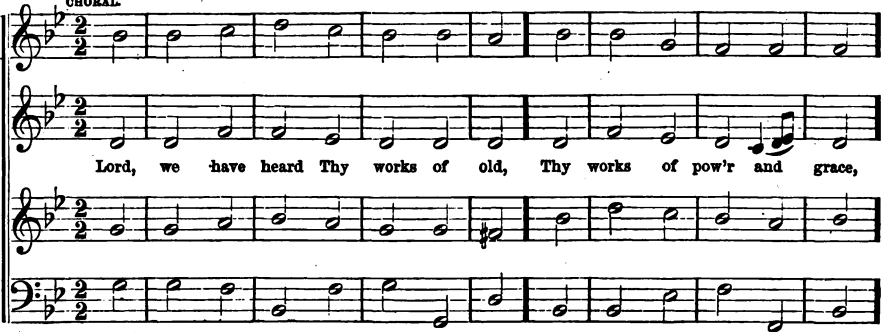
C. M.

WATTS.

I WILL PAY THEE MY VOWS.—Ps. 56:12.

- 1 THY solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, “How faithful is Thy word,
How righteous all Thy ways!”
- 2 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
O set the prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

CHORAL



299.

C. M.

WATTS.

COMMAND DELIVERANCES FOR JACOB.—Ps. 44:4.

- 1 LORD, we have heard Thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days;—
- 2 How Thou didst build Thy churches here,
And make Thy gospel known;
Among them did Thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach Thy grace.
- 4 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of Thy name,
The merits of Thy blood.

300.

C. M.

STEELE.

THEY THAT ARE IN THE FLESH CANNOT PLEASE GOD.—Rom. 8:8.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

- 3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine
To form the heart anew.

- 4 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

301.

C. M.

STEELE.

I HUMBLED MY SOUL WITH FASTING.—Ps. 35:13.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By Thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind - ness shown ?

My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.

302.

C. M.

WATTS.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD, ETC.—Ps. 116:12.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blesséd God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 5 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord!

303.

C. M.

ADDISON.

THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY.—Deut. 8:2.

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul'
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

304.

C. M.

BROWN.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.—Heb. 12:2.

- 1 To Christ, in each fresh hour of woe
With confidence repair;
He will all needful grace bestow,
And all thy sorrow share.
- 2 When dark the troubled surges roll
O'er the bereavéd breast,
His power doth still the waves control,
And hush the storm to rest.
- 3 Christ was a Man of sorrows here,
And knew the stings of grief;
He hears affliction's broken prayer;
His love gives sweet relief.

AFFETUOSO.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for eve-ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a-bove, in heaven.

305.

C. M.

TAPPAN.

THE HOPE WHICH IS LAID UP FOR YOU IN HEAVEN.—Col. 1:5.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.
- 3 There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

DOXOLOGY.

Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee,
Let heaven and earth adore;
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

306.

C. M.

NELSON.

GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN.—Matt. 5:12.

- 1 THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor:
There's nothing rich but heaven.
- 2 Empires decay and nations die;
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie;
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky:
There's nothing sure but heaven.
- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball:
There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
This world is all a dismal tomb:
I have no home but heaven.
- 5 The clouds disperse; the light appears;
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears;
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

HYMNS FOR WOODLAND.

307.

C. M.

COWPER.

AND ENOUGH WALKED WITH GOD. — Gen. 5:24.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

308.

C. M.

XAVIER.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US. — 1 John 4:19.

- 1 THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.
- 3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

309.

C. M.

NEWTON.

O THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST. — Job 29:2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And, when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail;
O, come without delay.

310.

C. M.

BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED, I WENT ASTRAY. Ps. 119:67.

- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

311.

C. M.

THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA. — Jer. 49:23.

- 1 NOT in the churchyard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom;
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.
- 2 He loved his own bright, deep blue sea;
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.
- 3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.
- 4 For him break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

CON ANIMA.

Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirs - ty spi - rit

faints a - way, My thirs - ty spi - rit faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

312.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY. — Luke 11:1.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

313.

C. M.

WATTS.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. — Ps. 63:1.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

DOXOLOGY.

Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing;
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

HYMNS FOR LANESBORO'.

314.

G. M.

WATTS.

HEREIN IS LOVE.—1 John 4:10.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

315.

C. M.

WATTS.

CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS.—1 Cor. 15:8.

- 1 ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

316.

C. M.

LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.—Prov. 23:31.

- 1 THE branch is stooping to thy hand,
And pleasant to behold;
Yet gather not, although its fruit
Be streaked with hues of gold;—

- 2 For bitter ashes lurk concealed
Beneath that golden skin,
And though the coat be smooth, there lies
But rottenness within.
- 3 The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,
And bid it overflow;
Yet drugged with poison are its lees,
And death is found below.

317.

C. M.

STEELE.

I HAVE REJOICED IN THE WAY OF THY TESTIMONIES.
Ps. 119:14.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

318.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOD WAS IN CHRIST, RECONCILING THE WORLD UNTO HIMSELF.
2 Cor. 5:19.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CHORAL.

Great is the Lord; His works of might De-mand our no-blest songs:

Let His as-sem-bled saints u-nite Their har-mo-ny of tongues.

319.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT.—Ps. lli: 2.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; His works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives His children food,
And, ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is His name;
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

320.

C. M.

WATTS.

YE ARE COME UNTO MOUNT ZION.—Heb. 12: 22.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

321.

C. M.

WATTS.

OLD MEN AND CHILDREN, LET THEM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—Ps. 148: 12.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great His power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

AVON. [Martyrdom.] C. M.

SCOTTISH.

DOLCE.

Let saints be - low in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone;

For all the ser - vants of our King . In earth and heaven are one.

322.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WAS ALIVE WITHOUT THE LAW ONCE. — Rom. 7:9.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Was Thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

323.

C. M.

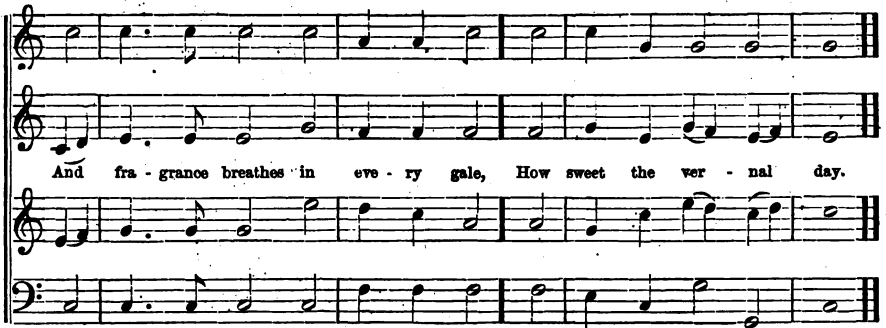
C. WESLEY.

BY ONE SPIRIT ARE WE ALL BAPTIZED INTO ONE BODY.
1 Cor. 12:13.

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 5 O that we now might see our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, blessed Lord, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



324.

C. M.

STEELE.

THE LITTLE HILLS REJOICE ON EVERY SIDE.—Ps. 65:12.

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 And hark! the feathered warblers sing;
'Tis nature's cheerful voice:
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 How kind the influence of the skies!
These showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 4 O, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song.

325.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THE SABBATH DREW ON.—Luke 23:54.

- 1 How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west!
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

- 2 Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads.
- 3 Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin;
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin;
Yield thee to sweet repose.
- 4 Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast—
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

326.

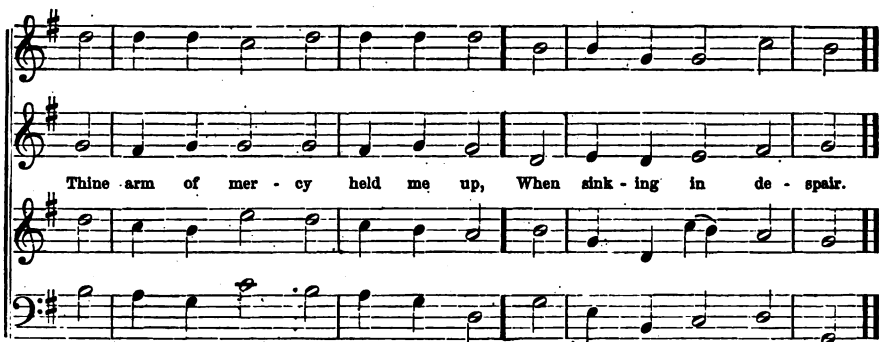
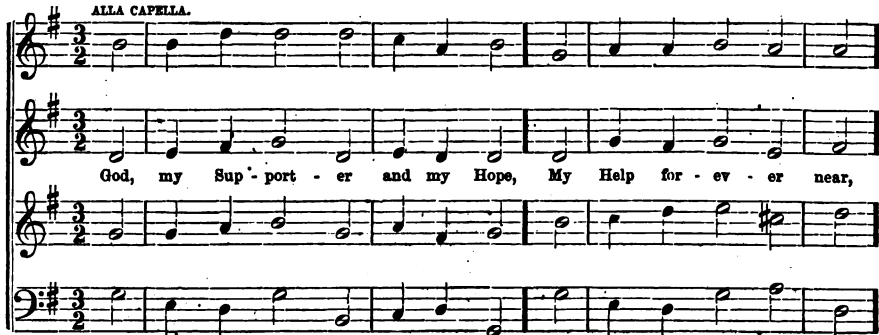
C. M.

FAWCETT.

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.—Prov. 23:26.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amid our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace subdued,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

ALLA CAPELLA.



327.

C. M.

WATTS.

THOU HAST HOLDEN ME BY MY RIGHT HAND. — Ps. 75: 23.

- 1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

328.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE. — Ex. 33: 14.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

- 3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

329.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE HATH ATTENDED TO THE VOICE OF MY PRAYER. — Ps. 66: 19.

- 1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I His praises sung.
- 5 But God — His name be ever blessed —
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAS HERMANN. 1560.
Harmonized by Dr. FILTZ.

CHORAL.

Let chil-dren hear the migh-ty deeds Which God per-formed of old ;

Which in our young-er years we saw, And which our fa-thers told.

330.

C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

SERVE HIM IN SINCERITY AND IN TRUTH.—Josh. 24:14.

- 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a healing glance from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

331.

C. M. WRETFORD.

LORD, I BELIEVE ; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.—Mark 9:24.

- 1 LORD, I believe ; Thy power I own ;
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

- 3 Lord, I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak ;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief ;
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow ;
Help Thou my unbelief.

332.

C. M.

WATTS.

SHOWING TO THE GENERATION TO COME THE PRAISES OF THE
LORD.—Ps. 78:4.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs,
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

From the Musical Ed. Soc. Col.

ANDANTE.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men On their own works have built:

Their hearts by na - ture all un - clean, And all their ac - tions guilt.

333.

C. M.

WATTS.

THERE IS NONE THAT DOTH GOOD, NO, NOT ONE:—Rom. 3:12.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

334.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY REFUGE IN THE DAY OF AFFLICTION.—Jer. 16:19.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

335.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAY TO THY FATHER, WHICH IS IN SECRET.—Matt. 6:6.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

ALLEGRO.

My God, my ev - er - last - ing Hope, I live up - on Thy truth ;

Thy hands have held my child-hood up, And strengthened all my youth.

336. C. M. WATTS.
CAST ME NOT OFF IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE.—Ps. 71:9.

- 1 My God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon Thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.
- 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

337. C. M. WATTS.
IN FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH.—Heb. 10:22.

- 1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil ;
There springs of endless pleasure rise ;
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One ;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

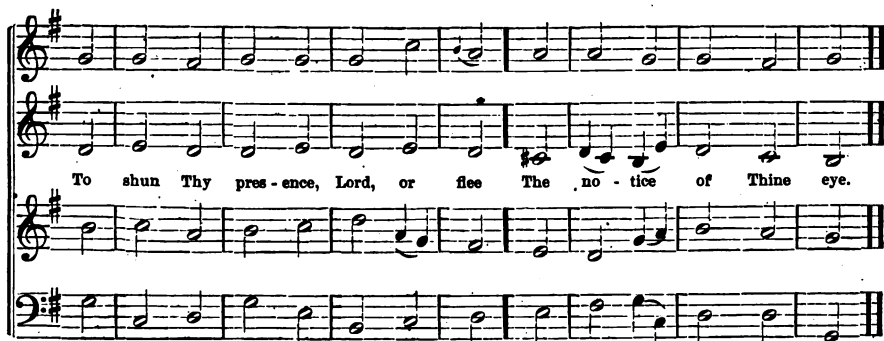
- 3 His promise stands forever firm ;
His grace shall ne'er depart ;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

338. C. M. TATE & BRADY.
I WILL SING AND GIVE PRAISE, EVEN WITH MY GLORY.
Ps. 108:1.

- 1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.
- 2 Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 3 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame,
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

STEPHENS. C. M.

Rev. W. JONES,
Nayland, Eng.



339.

C. M.

WATTS.

WHITHER SHALL I GO FROM THY SPIRIT?—Ps. 139: 7.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

- 2 But who will reap the golden fruit,
And who at last will stand,
A faithful servant, crowned with joy,
O Lord, at Thy right hand?
- 3 Be ours the work, be ours the joy;
To us the charge be given
To gather souls to Christ, and find
Our garnered sheaves in heaven.
- 4 Strength to the reapers, mighty God,
Strength to the reapers send,
To bear the burden of the day,
And labor till the end.
- 5 Then songs of triumph shall arise,
Then shall Thy kingdom come,
And echoing anthems greet at last
The heavenly harvest home.

340.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST.—John 4: 35.

- 1 FAR o'er the land the precious grain.
Waves 'neath the sunny sky;
And ripening harvests offer sheaves
For immortality.

341.

C. M.

WATTS.

INCREASE OUR FAITH.—Luke 17: 5.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word.
- 2 Great God, Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. Double.

GIORNOVICH.

Hide not thy tal - ent in the earth, How - ev - er small it be;

Its faith - ful use, its ut - most worth, God will re - quire of thee.

342.

C. M.

CUTTER.

TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY.
Matt. 25 : 15.

- 1 HIDE not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be ;
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
God will require of thee.
His own, which He hath lent on trust,
He asks of thee again ;
Little or much, the claim is just,
And thine excuses vain.
- 2 What if the little rain should plead,
" So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead ;
I'll tarry in the sky !"
What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Was not enough for day ?
- 3 Doth not each rain drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?
Go, then, and strive to do thy part,
Though humble it may be ;
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all Heaven asks of thee.

343.

C. M.

TURNBULL.

THERE REMAINETH, THEREFORE, A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.
Heb. 4 : 9.

- 1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies —
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where " many mansions " stand,
Prepared by hands divine for all
Who seek the better land.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side, —
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide, —
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.
There, there, adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene ;
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

ST. ASAPH. (Continued.)

His own, which he hath lent on trust, He asks of thee a - gain;

Lit - tle or much, the claim is just, And thine ex - cus - es vain.

344.

C. M.

LOGAN.

THEN SHALL THY LIGHT BREAK FORTH AS THE MORNING.—Is. 58:8.

- 1 O CITY of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the scattered villages
Thy joyful notes prolong.
- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.
- 3 O, from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing;
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.
- 4 Let all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound His praise.

345.

C. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED BE THE KING THAT COMETH, ETC.—Luke 19:38.

- 1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown Thy head above.
- 2 Thy victories and Thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

346.

C. M.

BONAR.

YE WERE AS SHEEP, ETC.—1 Pet. 2:25.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON,
Father of the Poet.

CHORAL.

O hap - py man, whose soul is filled With zeal and rev' - rend awe!

His lips to God their hon - ors yield, His life a - dorns the law.

347. C. M. WATTS.
THE LORD SHALL BLESS THEE OUT OF ZION. — Ps. 128:5.

- 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law,
- 2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honor shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

348. C. M. EVAN. MAG.
O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH. — Ps. 43:3.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.
- 2 O, send Thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

349. C. M. WATTS.
LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING PLACE. — Ps. 90:1.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust;
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M. FROM RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER. 1621.

CHORAL.

O, praise the Lord, for He is good; In Him we rest obtain;

His mer-cy has through a-ges stood, And ev-er shall re-main.

350. C. M. WATTS.
THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN. — Heb. 11:1

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abraham, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by the eternal Hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

351. C. M. RYLAND.
HINDER ME NOT. — Gen. 24:36.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be —
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with Thee.

352. C. M. WRANGHAM.
O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS!
Ps. 107:8.

- 1 O, PRAISE the Lord, for He is good;
In Him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.
- 2 Let all the people of the Lord
His praises spread around;
Let them His grace and love record,
Who have salvation found.
- 3 Now let the east in Him rejoice,
The west its tribute bring,
The north and south lift up their voice
In honor of their King.
- 4 O, praise the Lord, for He is good;
In Him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

CHORAL.

O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep His stat-utes still!

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do His will!

353.

C. M.

WATTS.

O THAT MY WAYS WERE DIRECTED, ETC. — Ps. 119:5.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still!
- O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!
- 2 O, send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

354.

C. M.

NEWTON.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST. — Micah 2:10.

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey His word;
Then let us triumph in His name;
Our Saviour is the Lord.

355.

C. M.

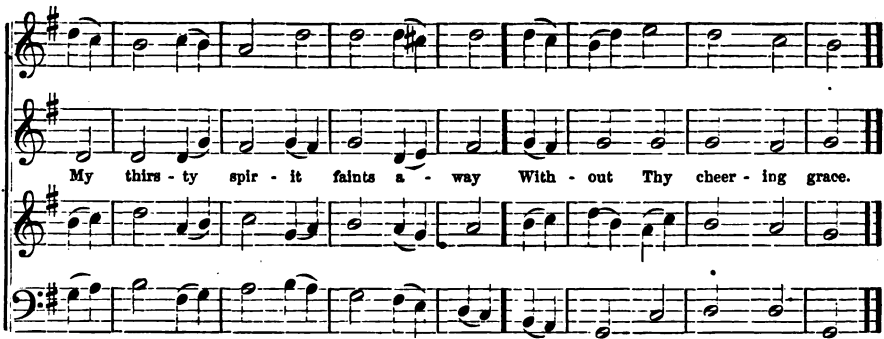
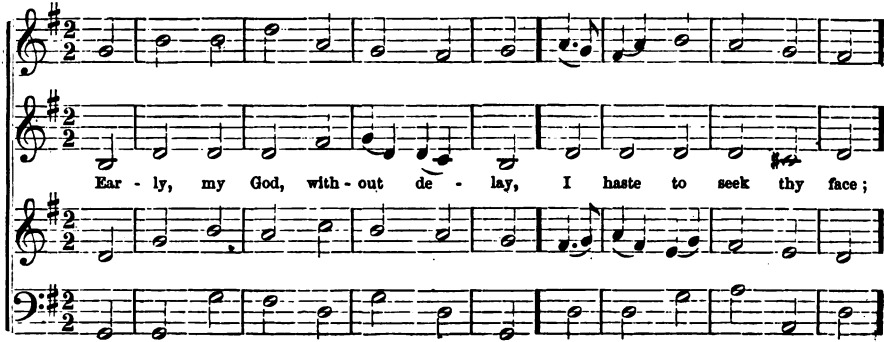
COLVER.

WHEN THEY SHALL SAY, PEACE AND SAFETY: THEN SUDDEN
DESTRUCTION COMETH. — 1 Thess. 5:3.

- 1 THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.
- 2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.
- 3 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 4 O, where is this mysterious foun-
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?
- 5 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
- 6 An answer from the skies is sent, —
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.



356.

C. M.

STRAPHAN.

FRED MY LAMBS. — John 21:15.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

357.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS. — Zech. 4:6.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains shall angel harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice

To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

- 5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

358.

C. M.

COWPER.

THAT OUR SONS MAY BE AS PLANTS GROWN UP IN THEIR YOUTH.
Ps. 144:12.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign Love;
Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
But Mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made;
O, join the public prayer;
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

J. DUTTON, JR.

MODERATO.

I love to steal a while a - way From ev' - ry cumb' - ring care,

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

359.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE FACE OF JESUS. — 2 Cor. 4:6.

- 1 JESUS, the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then, while ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

360.

C. M.

STEELE.

HAVE MERCY ON ME. — Luke 18:28.

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, "Return"?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

361.

C. M.

BROWN.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS THERE ALONE.
Matt. 14:26.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

ALLEGRO.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high;

And un - der - neath His feet he cast The dark - ness of the sky.

362.

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

HE BOWED THE HEAVENS ALSO, AND CAME DOWN. — Ps. 18: 9.

- 1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He as Sovereign Lord and King
Forevermore shall reign.

363.

C. M.

DOANE.

I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. — John 14: 6.

- 1 THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

364.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

UNTO YOU THEREFORE WHICH BELIEVE, HE IS PRECIOUS.
1 Pet. 2: 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee do richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

TIVERTON. C. M.

ALLEGRO.

Say, who is she that looks a - broad Like the sweet, blush - ing dawn,
When with her liv - ing light she paints The dew - drops of the lawn?

365.

C. M.

HEAL ME, O LORD, AND I SHALL BE HEALED. — Jer. 17:14.

- 1 WHEN will this weary struggle cease,
This aching heart find rest?
When will the light of hope and peace
Cheer this despairing breast?
- 2 My feet, bewildered, long have trod
In error's gloomy ways;
My heart, rebellious, far from God,
At sinful distance stays.
- 3 Tossed on the billows of remorse,
The surges of despair,
I'll fly with trembling to the cross,
And seek for mercy there.
- 4 Saviour, I yield, with humble faith,
This wretched heart to Thee;
From bonds of guilt Thy sovereign grace
Alone can set me free.
- 5 O, cause the light of hope to shine;
Subdue this stubborn will;
Let peace, and joy, and love divine
My waiting spirit fill.

366.

C. M.

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. — John 9:5.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of Thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

2 Light in Thy light, O, may we see

Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,
The God of pardoning love.

367.

C. M.

FAIR AS THE MOON, CLEAR AS THE SUN, AND TERRIBLE AS AN
ARMY WITH BANNERS. — Cant. 6:10.

- 1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet, blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orbed glory rides; —
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings; —
- 4 Tremendous as a host, that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent, for the foe.
- 5 This is the church by Heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine:
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

MODERATO.

Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears; A sov - reign balm for
A cordial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.
ev - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.

368.

C. M.

WATTS.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH.—Eph. 2:8.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

369.

C. M.

WATTS.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.—REV. 5:12.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

370.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST.—Jude 20.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

From the "Cythara."

MODERATO.

There is a Foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

371.

C. M.

STEELE.

ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY. — Luke 14: 17.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room!
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.

372.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

I AM HE THAT LIVETH. — Rev. 1: 18.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

- 4 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

373.

C. M.

COWPER.

IN THAT DAY THERE SHALL BE A FOUNTAIN OPENED.
Zech. 13: 1.

- 1 THERE is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMNS FOR FOUNTAIN.

374.

C. M.

WATTS.

I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE. — *Matt. 15:32.*

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- 2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

375.

C. M.

SWAIN.

LOVE AS BRETHREN. — *1 Pet. 3:9.*

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

376.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS. — *Ps. 145:7.*

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

- 3 With longing eyes, Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

377.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.
Ps. 133:5.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess:
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

378.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

LOOK UPON MINE AFFLICTION AND MY PAIN, AND FORGIVE
ALL MY SINS. — *Ps. 25:18.*

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to Thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

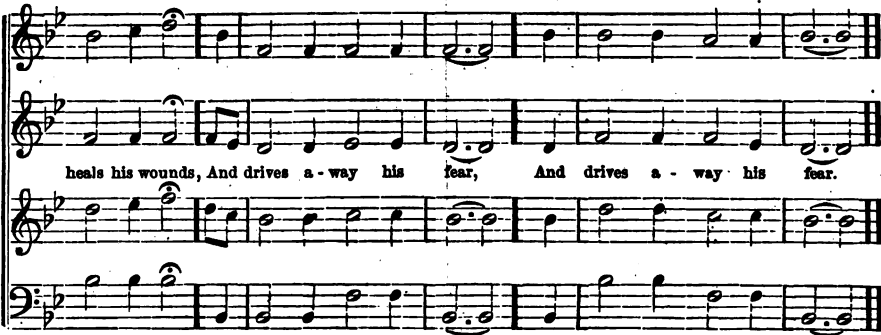
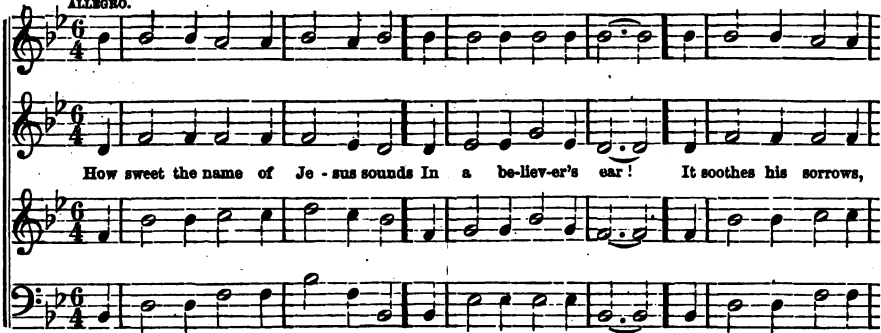
DOXOLOGY.

Honor to Thee, almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

ALLEGRO.



379.

C. M.

NEWTON.

THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH.— Cant. 1:2.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

380.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY.— Cant. 5:16.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon His awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

HYMNS FOR ORTONVILLE.

381.

C. M.

STEELE.

RETURN.—Jer. 3:22.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty Grace, Thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

382.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.—John 21:15.

- 1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each curséd idol out
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 5 Thou knows't I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

383.

C. M.

WATTS.

DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS.—Eph. 2:1.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

384.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.
Eccl. 12:1.

- 1 In the soft season of Thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,
Thy Confidence and Joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shores
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The ways of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

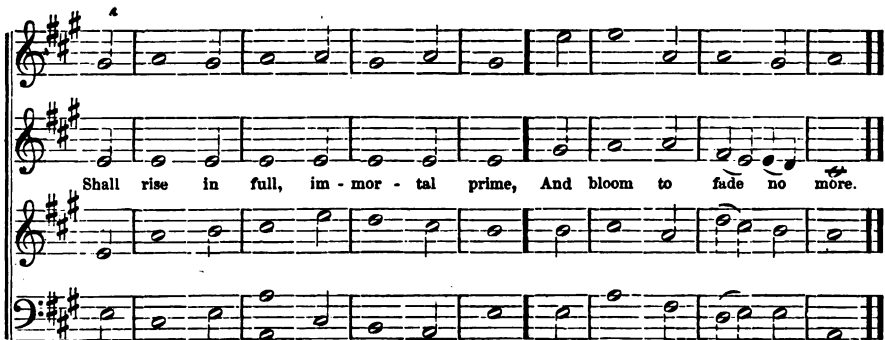
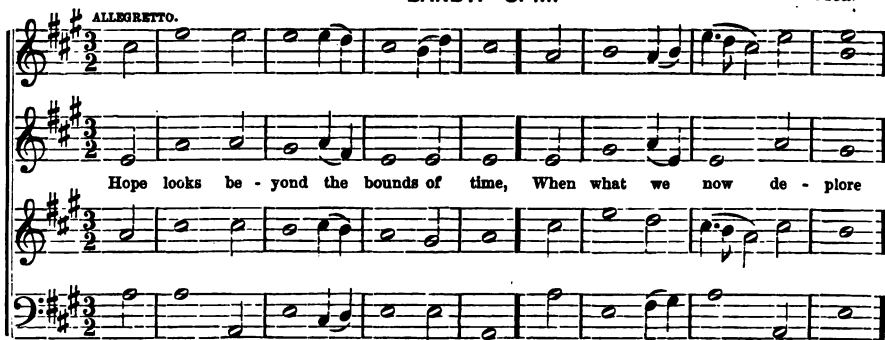
385.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.
Mark 10:14.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of His grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.



386.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY FLESH SHALL REST IN HOPE.— Acts 2:28.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Then cease, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

387.

C. M.

E. SCOTT.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.— Gen. 16:13.

- 1 GREAT God, Thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just,
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;

- 3 O, how tremendous is the thought!

Deep may it be impressed;
And may Thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

- 4 Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And Thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory on my head:

388.

C. M.

FABER.

I HAVE CHOSEN YOU.— John 15:16.

- 1 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 Only to sit and think of God,
O, what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss.
- 4 Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

WOBURN. C. M.

RECITANDO.

To Thee, be - fore the dawn - ing light, My gra - cious God, I pray ;

I me - di - tate Thy name by night, And keep Thy law by day.

389.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER. — JOHN 13 : 34.

- 1 BLESSED is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain ;
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- 4 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace, to Him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

390.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

THIS IS MY COMFORT IN MY AFFLICTION. — PS. 119 : 80.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away :
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :

- 3 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

- 4 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee ?

391.

C. M.

WATTS.

AT MIDNIGHT I WILL RISE TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE.
PS. 119 : 62.

- 1 To Thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate Thy name by night,
And keep Thy law by day.
- 2 My spirit faints to see Thy grace ;
Thy promise bears me up ;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to Thee ;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call Thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

O Thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame,

Through all the world, how great art Thou, How glo - - rious is Thy name!

392. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM? — Ps. 8:4.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the earth how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!
- 2 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feeble light;
- 3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, Thou lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?
- 4 Him next in power Thou didst create
To Thy celestial train;
Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all Thy works to reign.
- 5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

393. C. M. WATTS.

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE. — John 6:48.

- 1 LET us adore the eternal Word;
'Tis He our souls hath fed:
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And Thou the immortal Bread.

- 2 Blessed be the Lord, who gives His flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads His table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

394. C. M. WATTS.BEHOLD, WE HAVE FORSAKEN ALL, AND FOLLOWED THEE.
Matt. 19:27.

- 1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give Him all.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

ALLEGRO.

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong

in... the strength which God sup - plies Through His... e - ter - nal Son.

395.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD. — Eph. 6:11.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

396.

S. M.

HEATH.

WATCH AND PRAY. — Matt. 26:41.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

397.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

LET YOUR LOINS BE GIRDLED ABOUT, AND YOUR LIGHTS BURNING. — Luke 12:35.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 "Watch!" 'Tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

DOLOROSO.

When, o - ver - whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies,

Help - less, and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.

398.

S. M.

WATTS.

I WILL TRUST IN THE COVERT OF THY WINGS. — Ps. 61:4.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

399.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

MY SOUL IS FULL OF TROUBLES. — Ps. 88:3.

- 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of woe
He bade my spirit dwell.
- 3 My friends — now friends no more —
At infinite remove,
Left me to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.

- 4 Then to the Lord I prayed,
And raised a bitter cry:
"Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I forever die."
- 5 He heard my humble cry,
He saved my soul from death;
To Him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

400.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WHO MAY ABIDE THE DAY OF HIS COMING? — Mal. 3:2.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will our hearts endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

Blessed are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one ;

Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Through all their ac - tions run.

401. S. M. WATTS.

THERE THE LORD COMMANDED THE BLESSING. — Ps. 133 : 3.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blessed is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

402. S. M.

THE PROMISE IS UNTO YOU AND TO YOUR CHILDREN. — Acts 2 : 39.

- 1 OUR children Thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as Thine :
Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
For goodness so divine.
- 2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore ;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 3 How great Thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is Thy grace !
Which, in the promise of Thy love,
Includes our rising race.

- 4 Our offspring, still Thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God !
To latest times Thy blessings share,
And sound Thy praise abroad.

403.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

WHEREWITHAL SHALL A YOUNG MAN CLEANSE HIS WAY ?
Ps. 119 : 9.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to Thee I pray ;
O, make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.
- 4 O, let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 May Thy young servant learn
By this to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!

404.

S. M.

WATTS.

GOD HATH SENT FORTH THE SPIRIT OF HIS SON, ETC.—Gal. 4:6.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

405.

S. M.

WARDLAW'S COLL.

LET GOD ARISE.—Ps. 68:1.

- 1 O LORD our God, arise;
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand Thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 O, all ye nations, rise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

406.

S. M.

SIGOURNEY.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE.
Prov. 1:7.

- 1 LORD, lead my heart to learn,
Prepare my ears to hear,
And let me useful knowledge seek
In Thy most holy fear.
- 2 If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
To offend Thy perfect eyes,—
- 3 Remove them far away,
Inspire me with Thy love,
That I may please Thee here below,
And dwell with Thee above.

HYMNS FOR EASTBURN.

407.

S. M.

BONAR.

YE WERE AS SHEEP GOING ASTRAY.—1 Pet. 2:25.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice;
I love, I love His fold.
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

408.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

YE ARE NOT AS YET COME TO THE REST.—Deut. 12:9.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

409.

S. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THE NIGHT COMETH.—John 9:4.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee;
Black clouds are gathering fast;
In awful power thy God has come;
Thy days of mirth are past.

- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;
How shakes the trembling ground!
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;
Behold the Judge appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;
Sinner, behold thy doom!
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay; the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits—
This hour to Jesus fly.

410.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE TIME IS SHORT.—1 Cor. 7:29.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,—
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since, on this wingéd hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

411.

S. M.

WATTS.

WHAT MAN IS HE THAT FEARETH THE LORD?—Ps. 25:12.

- 1 WHERE shall the man be found
Who fears to offend his God,
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart;
The wonders of His covenant show,
And all His love impart.
- 3 The dealings of His hand
Are truth and mercy, still,
With such as to His covenant stand,
And love to do His will.

CHORAL.

O Lord, our heav'n - ly King, Thy name is all di - vine;

Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

412.

S. M.

WATTS.

WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?—Ps. 8: 4.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?
- 3 Lord, what is worthless man,
That Thou shouldst love him so?
Next to Thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.
- 4 How rich Thy bounties are,
And wondrous are Thy ways;
Of dust and worms Thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

413.

S. M.

WATTS.

NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, ETC.—1 Tim. 1: 17.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

414.

S. M.

SCOTT.

COME NEAR, AND BRING SACRIFICES AND THANK OFFERINGS
INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.—2 Chron. 29: 31.

- 1 THY bounties, gracious God,
With gratitude we own;
We praise Thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy Thy people bring
Their offerings round Thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of Thine own.
- 3 O, may this sacrifice
To Thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume
Presented by His hand.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

DR. HOWARD. 1670.
Harmony by Rev. W. H. MAYNARD.



415. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

MY SOUL DOTHT WAIT. — Ps. 130 : 5.

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 3 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 4 Let Israël trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal succor flows.

416. S. M. BEDDOME.

HE BEHELD THE CITY, AND WEPT OVER IT. — Luke 19 : 41.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

- 8 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

417. S. M. WATTS.

IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK.
John 7 : 37.

- 1 JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.
- 4 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 5 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

ALLEGRO.

Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His
beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

418.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT.—Ps. 19:7.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just!
Forever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God; how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

419.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.—Matt. 6:9.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To Thee all nations bow!
- 2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!

3 Our daily bread supply,

While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

420.

S. M.

WATTS.

MINE EYES ARE EVER TOWARD THE LORD.—Ps. 25:15.

- 1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.
- 2 Turn, turn Thee to my soul;
Bring Thy salvation near;
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMNS FOR SHIRLAND.

421.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.—Gal. 3:28.

- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

422.

S. M.

HARTFORD SEL.

NOW THE EVENTIDE WAS COME.—Mark 11:11.

- 1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O, may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undressed.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears:
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And, when I early rise
To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:
- 5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

423.

S. M.

WATTS.

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.—Eph. 1:7.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

424.

S. M.

CLELAND'S HYMNS.

A STILL SMALL VOICE.—1 Kings 19:12.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with Thy still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By Thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

425.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME.—Rev. 22:17.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let Him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

DOXOLOGY.

The triune God shall be
Our song while life is given,
And the unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.

ALLEGRO.

With - in these walls be peace; Love through our bor - ders found;

In all our lit - tle pal - a - ces Pros - per - i - ty a - bound.

426. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
THE PREPARATION OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE. — Eph. 6:15.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces.
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all, through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

427. S. M. KELLY.
AND TO WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN. — 1 Thess. 1:10.

- 1 IN expectation sweet
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath His sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds! awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Or shade their perfect bliss.

428. S. M. C. WESLEY.
KEEP THE CHARGE OF THE LORD, THAT YE DIE NOT.
Lev. 8:35.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

DOXOLOGY.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

CON SPIRITO.

My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

429. S. M. WATTS.
AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN.—Ps. 103:2.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.
- 3 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

430. S. M. WATTS.
BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.—Ps. 103:2.

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins:
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

431. S. M. WATTS.
THE TRUTH OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOREVER.—Ps. 117:2.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

My for - mer hopes are fled, My ter - ror now be - gins;

I feel, a - las! that I am dead In tres - pass - es and sins.

432.

S. M.

HYDE.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD. — Eph. 4:30.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

433.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

IT IS GOD WHICH WORKETH IN YOU BOTH, ETC. — Phil. 2:13.

- 1 'Tis God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.
- 2 Assisted by His grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope, at last, to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis He that works to will,

'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory, too.

434.

S. M.

COWPER.

WHO HATH WARNED YOU TO FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO
COME? — Luke 8:7.

- 1 My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.



435. S. M. WATTS.

TURN US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION.—Ps. 85:4.

- 1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

436. S. M.

LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—Num. 23:10.

- 1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

- 4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

437. S. M. C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO SHALL JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.—2 Tim. 4:1.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 3 O, may we thus be found
Obedient to Thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
- 4 O, may we all insure
A lot among the blessed,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

ALLEGRORETTO.

Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-

ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

438. S. M. WATTS.

O, COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN. — Ps. 95:6.

- 1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

439. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

BY GRACE YE ARE SAVED. — Eph. 2:5.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

440. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

THEY SHALL SING IN THE WAYS OF THE LORD. — Ps. 138:4.

- 1 Now let our voices join
To form one pleasant song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears.
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 Reduce the nations, Lord;
Teach all their kings Thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

HYMNS FOR SILVER STREET.

441.

S. M.

WATTS.

GOD IS KNOWN IN HER PALACES FOR A REFUGE.—Ps. 46:1.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
A Refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

442.

S. M.

WATTS.

HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON.—John 3:16.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

443.

S. M.

WATTS.

WALK ABOUT ZION, AND GO ROUND ABOUT HER.—Ps. 48:12.

- 1 FAR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground
And mark the building well,

- 4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

444.

S. M.

WATTS.

HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS ARE THE FEET OF HIM
THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS!—Is. 52:7.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

DOXOLOGY.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honors paid,
Coequal honors done.

ALLEGRO.ETTO.

Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

445. S. M. BEDDOME.

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.—PROV. 8:6.

- 1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge Thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A dwelling place for Thee.

446. S. M. BEDDOME.

IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH.—JOHN 6:63.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But Thine shall be the praise;
And unto Thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

447. S. M. TOPLADY.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.—2 COR. 12:9.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

HYMNS FOR OLMUTZ.

448.

S. M.

BROWN.

LORD, REVIVE THY WORK.—Hab. 3:2

- 1 O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.
- 2 Awake Thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again their sacred vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.
- 4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
O, listen to our cry;
O, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on Thee rely.

449.

S. M.

SAB. LYRICS.

RISE UP A GREAT WHILE BEFORE DAY.—Mark 1:35.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends His blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.
- 5 Leave, Lord, Thy vigil there;
Descend upon life's wave;
Come to the bark through midnight air;
The storm shall cease to rave.

450.

S. M.

MUHLENBERG.

THE DOVE FOUND NO REST.—Gen. 8:9.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

18

- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And, every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.
- 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

451.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

IF I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM, LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET
HER CUNNING.—Ps. 137:8.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

452.

S. M.

WATTS.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?—Ps. 73:25.

- 1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.
- 2 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.
- 3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

137

PADDINGTON. S. M.

CHORAL.

Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice!

Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

453. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD YOUR GOD. — Neh. 9:5.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice!
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord, your God, adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

454. S. M. BEDDOME.
YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS. — Gal. 3:28.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

455. S. M.
LIVING WATERS SHALL GO OUT FROM JERUSALEM,
Zech. 14:8.

- 1 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear His word;
By one blessed name shall He be known,
The universal Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By saints on earth be honor done,
And by the heavenly host.

DOVER. S. M.

CON SPIRITO.

Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at His feet:

His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is His seat.

456.

S. M.

WATTS.

HE IS HOLY. — Ps. 99 : 5.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.
- 2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.
- 3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance known,
When they abused His grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

457.

S. M.

GERHARD.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END, ETC. — Matt. 28 : 20.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

458.

S. M.

WATTS.

LET THE CHILDREN OF ZION BE JOYFUL IN THEIR KING.
Ps. 140 : 2.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WHITNEY'S CHANT. S. M.

A. F. WHITNEY.

DOLCE.

The Lord my Shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied;

Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be - side?

459.

S. M.

WATTS.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER. — Ps. 23:5.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

460.

S. M.

STEELE.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD. — Is. 40:11.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand, indulgent, leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To Thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

461.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE CARETH FOR YOU. — 1 Pet. 5:7.

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

ALLEGRO.

Green pas - tures and clear streams, Free - dom and qui - et rest,

Christ's flock en - joy be - neath His beams, Or in his sha - dow blest.

462. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.—Is. 40:11.

- 1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy beneath His beams,
Or in His shadow blessed.
- 2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.
- 3 The wounded and the weak,
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost He came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when He finds.
- 4 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and His flock are one,
One Shepherd and one fold.

463. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD.—1 Thess. 4:17.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in this body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's discerning eye
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 5 Be Thou at my right hand;
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

464. S. M. WATTS.
SHALL WE CONTINUE IN SIN THAT GRACE MAY ABOUND?
Rom. 6:1.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because Thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,—
Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,
And bought our liberty.

ALLEGO. 4/4

My son, know thou the Lord; Thy fa - ther's God o - bey;

Seek His pro - tect - ing care by night, His guid - ing hand by day.

465.

S. M.

KNOW THOU THE GOD OF THY FATHER. — 1 Chron. 28:9.

- 1 My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek His protecting care by night,
His guiding hand by day.
- 2 Call while He may be found,
And seek Him while He's near;
Serve Him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship Him in fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek His face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find His mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

466.

S. M.

DOBELL.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME. — 2 Cor. 6:2.

- 1 Now is the accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time;
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

467.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED, AND IN THE EVENING WITH-
HOLD NOT THINE HAND. — Eccl. 11:6.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thine hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, every where;
And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky;
Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

CON ANIMA.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast,

And these re-jolo-ing eyes. Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-jolo-ing eyes.

468. S. M. WATTS.
THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN. — Mark 2:27.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

469. S. M. HAMMOND.
AND THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES. — Rev. 15:3.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For us, whose sins He bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

470. S. M. WATTS.
THE PRAISE OF ALL HIS SAINTS. — Ps. 148:14.

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound His name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 By all His works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, that taste His saving love,
Should sing His praises best.

LINCOLN. S. M.

J.

LEGATO E SOSTENUTO.

If through un - ruf - fled seas Toward heaven we calm - ly sail,

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fostering gale.

471. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.
THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH. — Heb. 10 : 38.

- 1 If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
We'll own the fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blessed be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

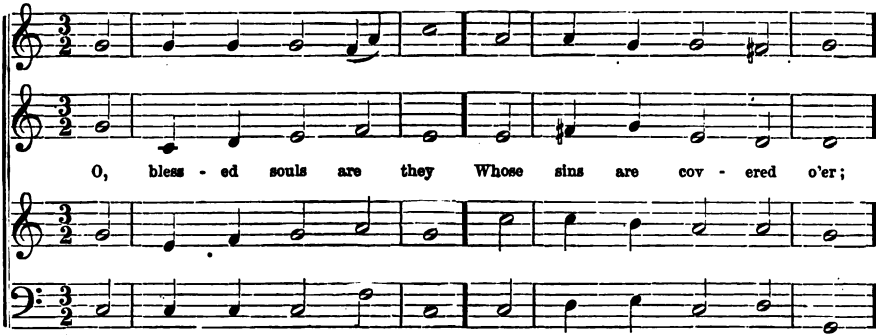
472. S. M. S. STENNETT.
EVEN THINK ALTARS, O LORD OF HOSTS. — Ps. 84 : 3.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

- 3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

473. S. M. WATTS.
FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
2 Tim. 3 : 15.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young
To read His holy word.
- 2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 O, may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,
And all Thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learned in vain.



174.

S. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS HE WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS FORGIVEN.—Ps. 32:1.

- 1 O, BLESS'ED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

175.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

IO TO NOW, YE THAT SAY, TO-DAY OR TO-MORROW WE WILL GO
INTO SUCH A CITY.—Jerm. 4:18.

- 1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears!
When past, 'tis but a day;—
- 2 A dark and cloudy day
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dangerous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.

- 3 Lord, through another year,
If Thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way.

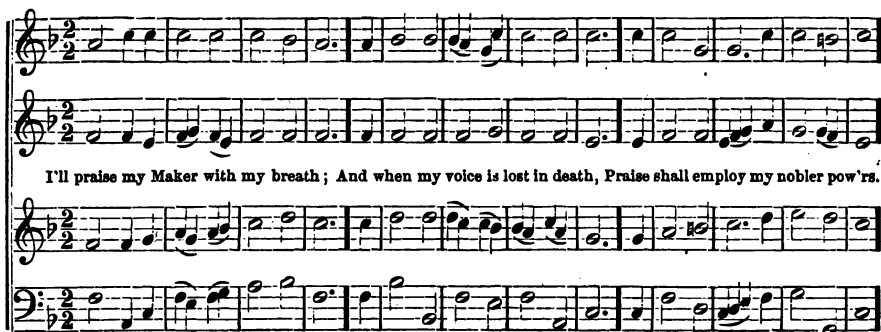
476.

S. M.

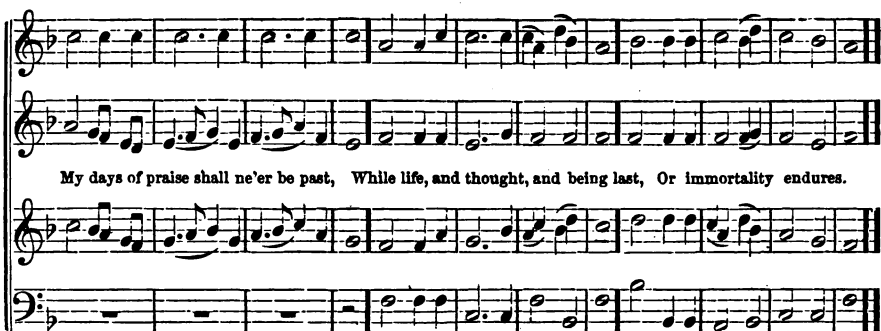
WATTS.

SANCTIFIED THROUGH THE OFFERING OF THE BODY OF
JESUS.—Heb. 10:10.

- 1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curs'ed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God—
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.



I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

477. L. P. M. COLESWORTHY.

AND HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS. — Is. 11:10.

- 1 THERE is a glorious land afar,
Beyond the brightest burning star,
Where peace interminably reigns, —
Where soft and balmy breezes blow,
And golden rivers gently flow,
And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.
- 2 No grovelling thought, no treacherous smile,
No word unkind, no act of guile,
Will e'er disturb the sacred rest;
On every peaceful brow will shine
A living beauty, all divine,
And love pervade the sinless breast.

478. L. P. M. ROSCOE.

THOU HAST INCREASED THE NATION. — Is. 26:15.

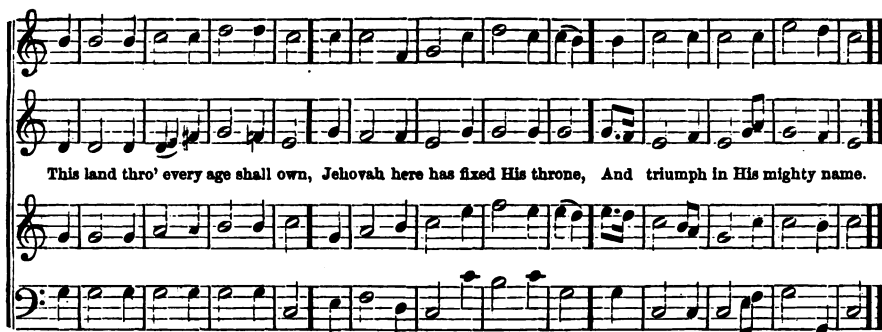
- 1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before Thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall;
Thy power we see, Thy greatness own.
- 2 To Thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend;
Preserved by Thee for ages past,
For ages let Thy kindness last,
And e'er Thy sheltering care extend.

479. L. P. M. WATTS.

I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE ANY
BEING. — Ps. 146:2.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ST. HELEN'S. L. P. M.



480.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD. — Ps. 33:12.

- 1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of His word,
And builds His church, His earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world surveys;
He formed their hearts, He knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.
- 2 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from Thy throne:
We wait to see Thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

481.

L. P. M.

KIPPIS.

YE SHALL BE A DELIGHTSOME LAND. — Mal. 3:12.

- 1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
This land through every age shall own
Jehovah here has fixed His throne,
And triumph in His mighty name.
- 2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O, still may God amid us reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

482.

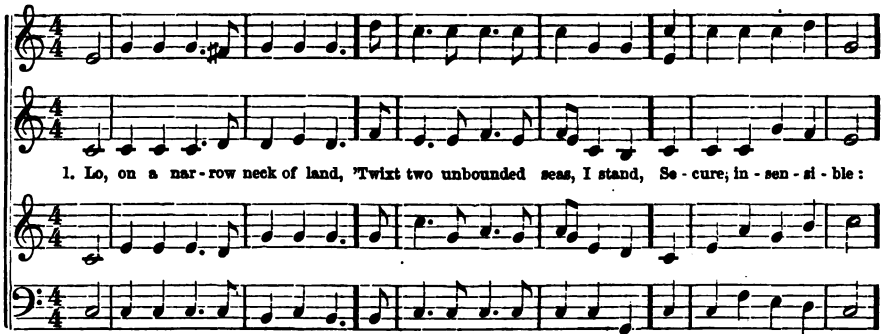
L. P. M.

WATTS.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD. — Ps. 19:1.

- 1 GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of Thy name;
There Thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks, appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker, God;
All nature joins to show Thy praise;
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is Thy book of grace.

GANGES. C. P. M.



- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress :
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

484.

C. P. M.

Occom.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.—John 3:7.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head ;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load ;
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sank in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt His pity move :
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

ALLEGRO.

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death That casts itself on Thee ?

I have no re-fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

486. C. P. M. HASTINGS.
WHO HATH WARNED YOU TO FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO
COME? — Luke 3:7.

1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear;
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on, with thickening shade;
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour!

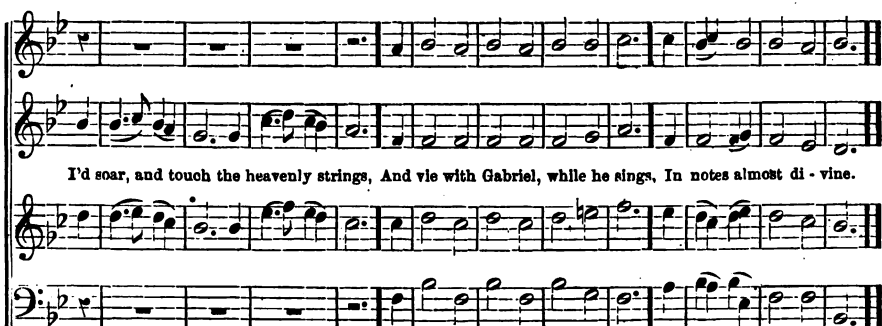
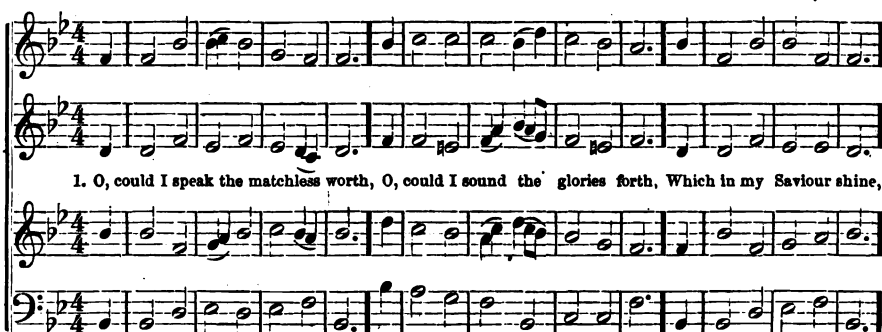
3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven;
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

487. C. P. M.
FOR THY NAME'S SAKE, O LORD, PARDON MINE INIQUITY.
Ps. 25:11.

1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt —
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

489.

C. P. M.

HE HATH MADE WITH ME AN EVERLASTING COVENANT.
2 Sam. 23 : 5.

1 Now for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

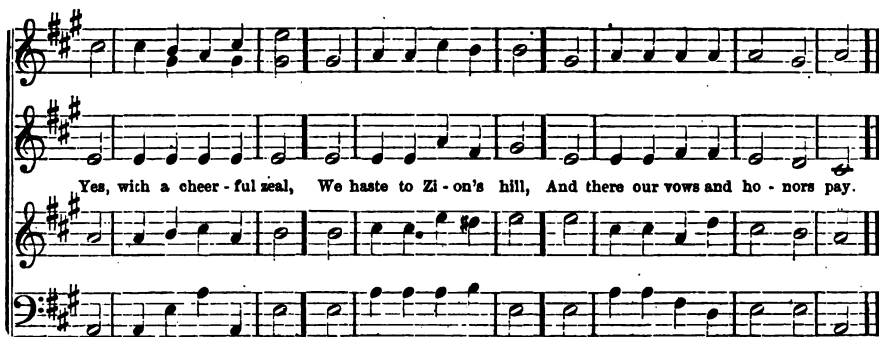
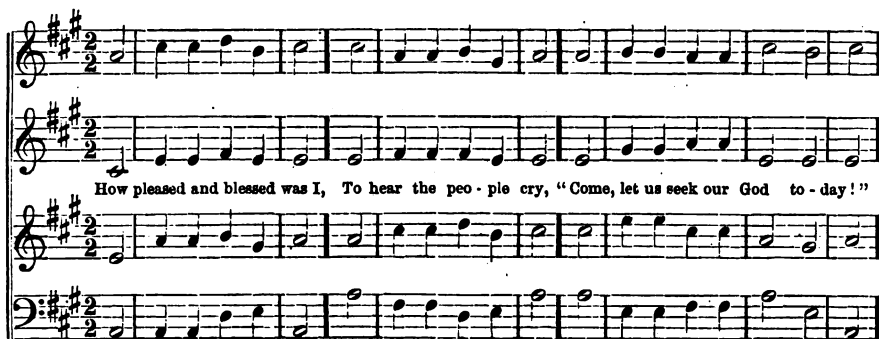
2 Ere God pronounced creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in His Son.

3 Then was the covenant ordered sure,
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God;
That none His covenant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
And ratified in blood.

4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Though tempests rage, though billows
roll,
And hellish powers assail;
Eternal walls are my defence;
Environed with Omnipotence,
What foe can e'er prevail?

5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their curséd, vengeful power;
My soul their wrath disdains;
In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
While covenant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

DALSTON. S. P. M.



490.

S. P. M.

A. R. W.

CHANGED INTO THE SAME IMAGE FROM GLORY TO GLORY.
2 Cor. 3:18.

How blessed indeed are they,
Who keep their shining way,
Sustained by precious thoughts of God:
The soul that He approves,
Is formed to what it loves,
And made the Spirit's fair abode.

491.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS, ETC. — Ps. 122:7.

1 How pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode;
My soul shall ever love thee well.

492.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

HOW GOOD AND HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR BRETHREN TO DWELL
TOGETHER IN UNITY! — Ps. 133:1.

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!
2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

ALLEGRO. 2/2

O for a shout of joy, Loud as the theme we sing! To this di-vine em-ploy Your hearts and

UNISON.

voices bring; Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad, The love, th' eter-nal love of God.

493.

H. M.

J. YOUNG.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. — John 3:16.

- 1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love, of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair;
Or bow at His right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.
- 3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, the unchanging love, of God.
- 4 O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love, of God.

494.

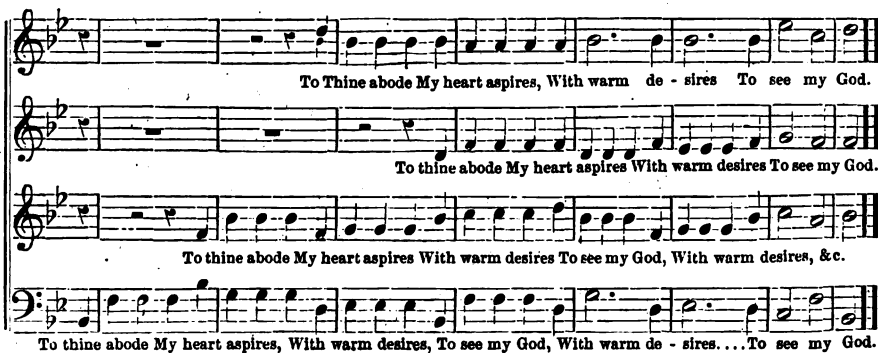
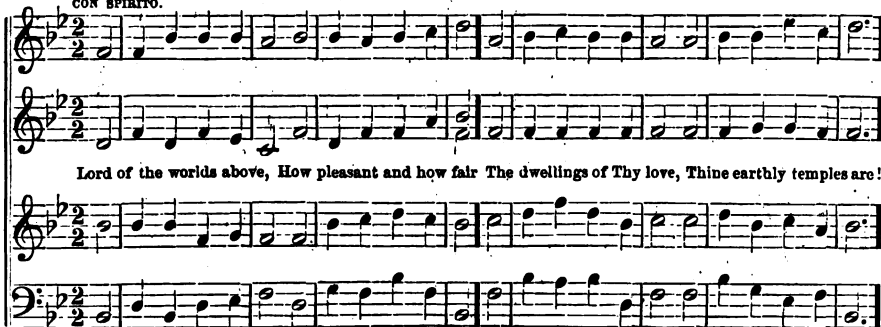
H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE. — Is. 60:1.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.
- 3 In honor to His name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue His praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.
- 4 There, on His holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round His throne, | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars, | His influence own.

CON SPIRITO.



495.

H. M.

WATTS.

MY SOUL LONGETH, YEA, EVEN FAINTETH, ETC. — Ps. 84: 2.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode | With warm desires,
My heart aspires, | To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints, | To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, | Among Thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there:
They praise Thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

20

496.

H. M.

WATTS.

HIS NAME ALONE IS EXCELLENT. — Ps. 148: 13.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, | And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.
- 4 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings His people near,
And makes them taste His love.
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt His praise, | His honors high.

153

Je-sus, at Thy com-mand, I launch in-to the deep, And leave my na-tive land, Where
sin lulls all a-sleep; For Thee I fain would all resign, And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

497.

H. M.

IN THE TEMPLE, PRAISING AND BLESSING GOD. — Luke 24: 53.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone Our earliest and
All praise belongs, Our latest songs.
- 2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught;
To God alone Let young and old
Your offerings bring; His praises sing.
- 3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands yet unborn
Thy sacred name here bless;
To Thee, O Lord, Shall rise throughout
All praise to Thee, Eternity.

DOXOLOGY.

To our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power, By all on earth,
And praise be given, And all in heaven.

498.

H. M.

THEY LAUNCHED FORTH. — Luke 8: 22.

- 1 JESUS, at Thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.
- 2 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through' all my passage lie,
Yet Thou wilt safely keep
And guide me with Thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 3 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 4 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMNS FOR BETHESDA.

499.

H. M. SALISBURY COLL.

FEAR NOT.— Luke 2: 10.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn;
It strikes the ravished ear:

Now all is still; | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:

"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day."

3 He comes your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb.

Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise

4 Glory to God on high;
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;

For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

500.

H. M. C. WESLEY.

THEN SHALT THOU CAUSE THE TRUMPET OF THE JUBILEE TO
SOUND.— Lev. 25: 9.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

501.

H. M.

HAYWARD.

THE LORD SHALL BLESS THEM OUT OF ZION.— Ps. 128: 5.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Thou day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blessed:
From the low train | I soar to reach
Of mortal toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now make the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbath days
New life obtain, | Be spent in vain.

502.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THEY HAD ALSO SEEN A VISION OF ANGELS, WHICH SAID THAT
HE WAS ALIVE.— Luke 24: 23.

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay, | Fell to the ground,
The guards around | And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With Thee we rise, | And empires gain
With Thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

ADORATION. H. M.

CON SPIRITO.

Re - joice! the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And

tri - umph ev - er - more; Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, re - joice.

503.

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

YET HAVE I SET MY KING UPON MY HOLY HILL. — Ps. 2:6.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph ever more;
Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again
Lift up your voice; | I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above;
Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again
Lift up your voice; | I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again
Lift up your voice; | I say, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear | The trump of God
The archangel's voice; | Shall sound, Rejoice!

504.

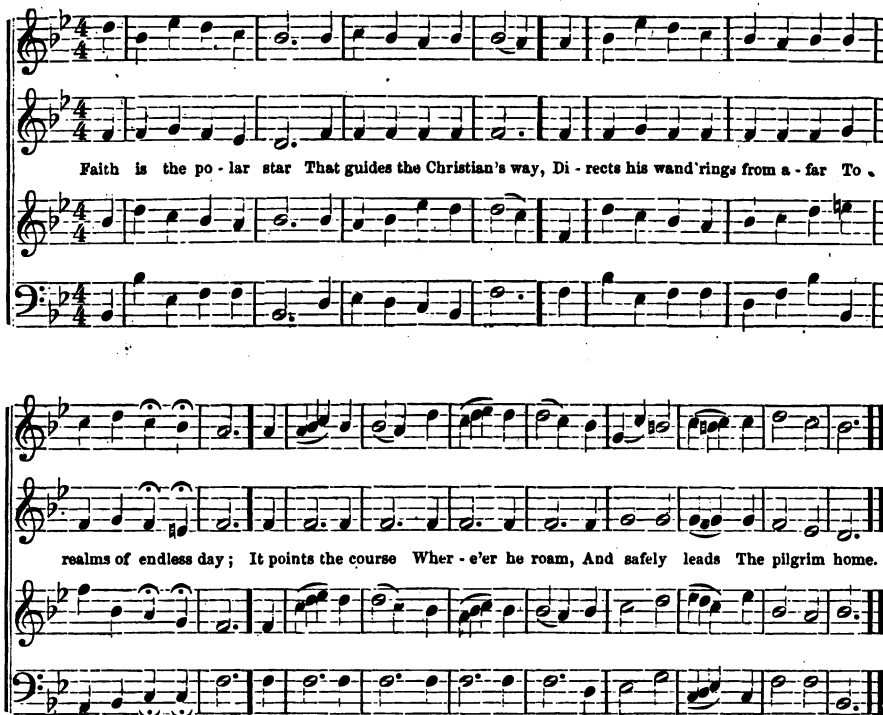
H. M.

WATTS.

A NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME. — Phil. 2:9.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever-bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak His worth, | My Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with Heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.
- 4 My dear, almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
Behold, I sit | Beneath Thy feet.

CLIFTON. S. H. M.



505.

S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

THAT WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE. — John 14:3.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

506.

S. H. M.

FAITH, WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE. — Gal. 5:6.

- 1 FAITH is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day ;
It points the course And safely leads
Where'er he roam, The pilgrim home.
- 2 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given ;
It is the bright Through which the saints
Triumphal arch To glory march.
- 3 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart ;
It bears us through And triumphs in
This earthly strife, Immortal life.

DOXOLOGY.

To our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And to the Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power, By all on earth,
And praise be given, And all in heaven.

HENDON. 7s. (Or 6 l. by repeating the first two lines.) REV. DR. MALAN.

MODERATO.

Chil - dren, lis - ten to the Lord, And o - bey His gra - cious word; Seek His

face with heart and mind; Ear - ly seek, and you shall find, Ear - ly seek, and you shall find.

507.

7s. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

HE SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN. — Ps. 72:4.

- 1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children Thou hast given;
Let them all Thy blessings share—
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.
- 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to Thee;
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;
While on Thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer — in mercy, hear.

508.

7s. STOCKER.

HE WILL GUIDE YOU INTO ALL TRUTH. — John 16:13.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;

Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

509.

7s. HASTINGS.

HEAR, YE CHILDREN, THE INSTRUCTION OF A FATHER.
Prov. 4:1.

- 1 CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,
And obey His gracious word;
Seek His face with heart and mind;
Early seek, and you shall find.
- 2 Sorrowful, your sins confess;
Plead His perfect righteousness;
See the Saviour's bleeding side;
Come, you will not be denied.
- 3 For His worship now prepare;
Kneel to Him in fervent prayer;
Serve Him with a perfect heart;
Never from His ways depart.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS FOR HENDON.

510.

7s.

I LOVE THY COMMANDMENTS ABOVE GOLD.—Ps. 119:127.

- 1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
How to triumph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou precious book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

511.

7s.

EPIS. COLL.

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST.—Eph. 5:14.

- 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits His light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn His will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed His light.

512.

7s.

C. ELIZABETH.

EVIL PURSUETH SINNERS: BUT TO THE RIGHTEOUS GOOD SHALL
BE REPAID.—Prov. 13:21.

- 1 WORLDLING, what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skilful, healing Friend
On thy daily steps attend?
And where thorns and stings abound
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempests roar on high,
Hast thou still a Refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon One more strong than death?
- 4 Worldling, when wilt thou be wise?
What though faithless fools despise?
We have treasures, honors, bliss;
God is ours, and all things His.

513.

7s.

WHEREWITH SHALL I COME BEFORE THE LORD?—Micah 6:8.

- 1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;—
- 2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus the accepted offering bring—
Love to Thee and all mankind.

514.

7s.

NOT FAR FROM EVERY ONE US.—Acts 17:27.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.

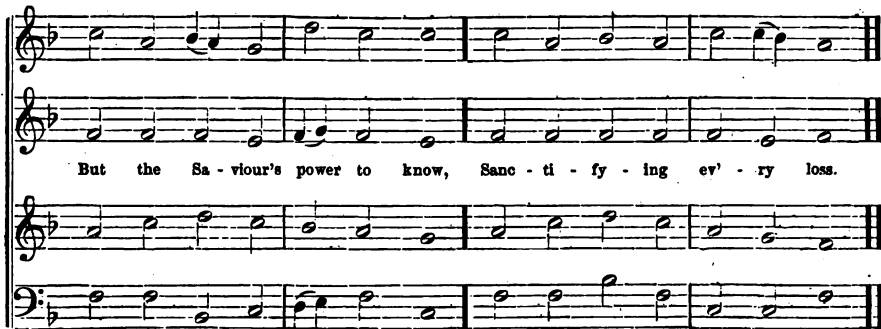
515.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR?
1 Pet. 4:18.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.



516.

7s.

COWPER.

THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH.—1 Pet. 1:7.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

517.

7s.

REED.

THROUGH SANCTIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT.—1 Pet. 1:2.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

518.

7s.

RYLAND.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.—Ps. 31:15.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.
- 2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In Thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise to Christ, of martyrs King,
Who His saints to bliss doth bring;
Praise to God, the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

CONCORD 7s.

SPRITUOSO.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.

519.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. — Luke 2:14.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

520.

7s.

EV. MAG.

THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS. — Ps. 65:11.

- 1 PRAISE on Thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
Unto Thee, O God, belong
Grateful words and holy song.

- 2 Thou the Hope and Refuge art
Of remotest lands apart,
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

- 3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
- 4 Thus the clouds Thy power confess,
And Thy paths drop fruitfulness,
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

521.

7s.

WHITE.

WHEN THEY HAD SUNG A HYMN THEY WENT OUT.
Mark 14:26.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore:
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

HUMILITY. 7s. -

MODERATO.

Lord, if Thou Thy grace im-part, Poor in spi-rit, meek in heart,

I shall as my Mas-ter be, Root-ed in hu-mil-i-ty.

522.

7s.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT. — Matt. 5:3.

- 1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility;
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

523.

7s.

LYTE.

O LORD, REBUKE ME NOT IN THINE ANGER. — Ps. 6:1.

- 1 GENTLY, gently, lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.
- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make;
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

- 3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

- 4 Lo, He comes! He heeds my plea!
Lo, He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

524.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS THERE ALONE.
Matt. 14:23.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

GERMAN.

CHORAL.

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days.

Boun - teous source of ev' - ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

525.

7s.

LYTE.

UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST. — Ps. 91:4.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep,
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

526.

7s.

LYTE.

I, THE LORD, WILL HASTEN IT IN HIS TIME. — Is. 60:22.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His holy name,
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

527.

7s.

BARBAULD.

WE THANK THEE, AND PRAISE THY GLORIOUS NAME.
1 Chron. 29:13.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
- 5 These to Thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

528.

7s.

CENNICK.

REJOICING IN HOPE. — Rom. 12: 12.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see,
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

529.

7s.

NEWTON.

LET ME SPEAK, AND ANSWER THOU ME. — Job 13: 22.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

530.

7s.

BURDER'S COLL.

BEHOLD, JESUS MET THEM. — Matt. 28: 9.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts He strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet,
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of Him.

HYMNS FOR PLEYEL'S HYMN.

531.

7s.

SALISBURY COLL.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY IS THE LORD OF HOSTS.—Is. 6:3.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored;
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to Thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored.

532.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, SAVE ME.—Matt. 14:30.

- 1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of Thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.
- 2 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to Thee.
- 3 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

533.

7s.

EPIS. COLL.

AND NOW THE EVENTIDE WAS COME.—Mark 11:11.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

534.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, ETC.—Ruth 1:16.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

- 4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

535.

7s.

HAMMOND.

AND YE SHALL SEEK ME AND FIND ME WHEN YE SHALL SEARCH
FOR ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART.—Jer. 29:13.

- 1 LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

536.

7s.

NEWTON.

THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING,
SHALL KEEP YOUR HEARTS.—Phil. 4:7.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

537.

7s.

MERRICK.

LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD.
Ps. 150:6.

- 1 PRAISE, O, praise the name divine;
Praise Him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In His praise that breath employ;
Heaven and earth the chorus join;
Praise, O, praise the name divine.

MODERATO.

Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus dis - si - pates its gloom;

Day of tri - umph, through the skies, See the glo - rious Sa - viour rise.

538.

7s.

COLLYER.

COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY. — Matt. 28 : 6.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.

539.

7s.

IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT. — Gal. 6 : 9.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled,
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin,
Christ the Lord is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

- 4 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky;
Patient wait, and thou wilt join
Chant with them of love divine.

540.

7s.

SAC. LYRICS.

I WILL PRAISE THE NAME OF GOD WITH A SONG, AND WILL
MAGNIFY HIM WITH THANKSGIVING. — Ps. 69 : 30.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

DOXOLOGY.

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again;
Nations, join the loud Amen.

GRACE. 7s.

DOLCE.

Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice.

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

541. 7s. BARBAULD.
COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR, ETC. — Matt. 11 : 28.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

542. 7s.
ON EARTH PEACE. — Luke 2 : 14.

- 1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 2 Breezes, whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow;
Breathe the sweet, celestial strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 3 Ocean's billows, far and wide
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 4 Christians, who these blessings feel,
And in adoration kneel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Praise to God, good will to men.

543. 7s. C. WESLEY.
HUMBLENESS OF MIND. — Col. 3 : 12.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by Thy light?
Only mighty in Thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

544. 7s. COLLYER.
AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH. — Gen. 2 : 24.

- 1 FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with Thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One forever, Lord, with Thee.

ALLEGRO-RETTO. FINE.

Bless-ed are the sons of God; They are bought with Je-sus' blood;
With them num-ber'd may we be, Now and through e-ter-ni-ty.

They are ran-som'd from the grave; Life e-ter-nal they shall have.

D. G.

545.

7s.

HUMPHRIES.

NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD.—1 John 3:2.

- 1 BLESSÉD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them in His Son
Long before the world begun
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 3 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be,
Now and in eternity.

546.

7s.

NEVIN.

GOD IS MY SALVATION; I WILL TRUST.—Is. 12:2.

- 1 HAPPY, Saviour, should I be,
If I could but trust in Thee;
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust Thy goodness to provide;
Trust Thy saving love and power;
Trust Thee every day and hour;

- 2 Trust Thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust Thy promise for relief;

- 3 Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;
Trust Thee, living, dying too;
Trust Thee all my journey through;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

547.

7s.

TOPLADY.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Mal. 4:2.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMNS FOR ROSEFIELD.

548.

7s.

NEWTON.

O THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST.—Job 29:2.

- 1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour;
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.
- 3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul;
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word, and set me free;
Let me live alone to Thee.

549.

7s.

NEWTON.

THE HOLY SABBATH.—Neh. 9:14.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

550.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

SING FORTH THE HONOR OF HIS NAME.—Ps. 66:2.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give—
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring—
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;

22

Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

551.

7s.

RIPPON'S COLL.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.—John 14:27.

- 1 YE that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bloody sacrifice;
See through Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

552.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

THAT I MAY KNOW HIM, AND THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION.—Phil. 3:10.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour,
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

169

MERCY. 7s.

CHORAL.

Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - serv'd for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?

553.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDING.—Hosea 14: 4.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 There for me a Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 4 Jesus, answers from above;
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
- 5 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

554.

7s.

NEWTON.

WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS INDIGNATION?—Nahum 1: 6.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

- 2 See, His mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe His brow;
For His judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At His presence nature shakes;
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who His advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

555.

7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.—Rev. 19: 16.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King;"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns forevermore."
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

DOLCE **FINE**

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

556.

7s.

TOPLADY.

THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST. — 1 Cor. 10: 4.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

557.

7s.

LYTE.

THAT THY WAY MAY BE KNOWN UPON EARTH, ETC. — Ps. 67: 2.

- 1 ON Thy church, O Power divine,
Cause Thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star,
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make Thy great salvation known.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

558.

7s.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART IN MAN, AND THE ANSWER
OF THE TONGUE, IS FROM THE LORD. — Prov. 16: 1.

- 1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that, when we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to Thee,
And Thy presence may be found
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 Lord, when we approach Thy throne,
Make Thy power and glory known;
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all,
And with reverence and fear
At Thy footstool to appear.
- 3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On Thy promise to repose,
All Thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace,
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

SAM'L WEBB.

ANDANTINO.

While, with cease-less course, the sun, Hast-ed through the for-mer year,

Ma-ny souls their race have run, Ne-ver more to meet us here:

559.

7s.

NEWTON.

THOU CARRIEST THEM AWAY AS WITH A FLOOD.—Ps. 90:5.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait;
 But how little none can know.

- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find, —
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

560.

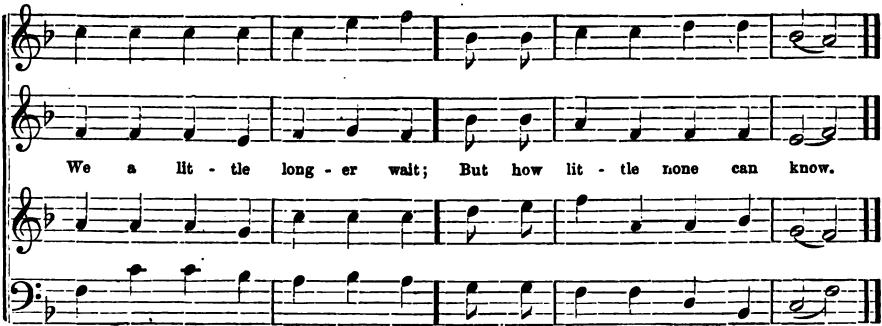
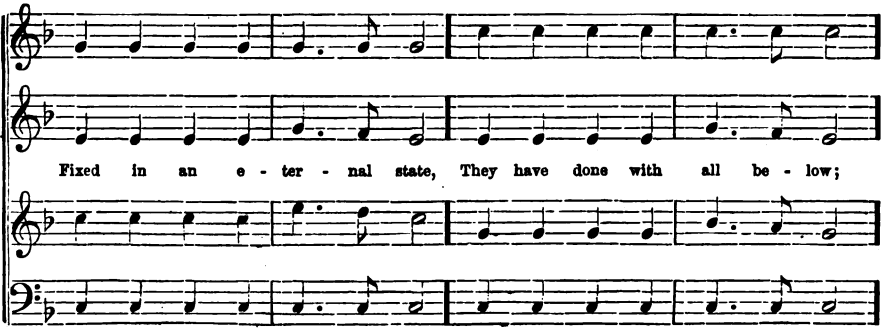
7s.

C. WESLEY.

WHY WILL YE DIE? — Ezek. 18:31.

- 1 SINNERS, turn! why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love;
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

BENEVENTO. (Continued.)



561.

7s.

GRANT.

HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT.
Dan. 9:17.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

562.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT ARE THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE ROBES?
Rev. 7:13.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came.
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. Double.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. } Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star! }

Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el.

563.

7s.

BOWRING.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?—Is. 21:11.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller, ages are its own;
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

564.

7s.

BOWRING.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.—1 Pet. 5:7.

- 1 FATHER, Thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide;
 Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has Thy hand of love supplied;
 Thine is every thought of bliss
 Left by hours and days gone by;
 Every hope Thine offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray,
 Every moon that shines serene,
 Every morn which welcomes day,
 Every evening's twilight scene,
 Every hour which wisdom brings,
 Every incense at Thy shrine,
 These, and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest, all are Thine.
- 3 And for all my hymns shall rise
 Daily to Thy gracious throne;
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn, unwearied, righteous One.
 Through life's strange vicissitude,
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
D. c. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last. FINE.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; D. c.

565.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.—Is. 25:4.

566.

7s.

NEWTON.

LOVEST THOU ME?—John 21:15.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?
Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 2 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art Thy people's Sun;
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

LOVE. 8s & 7s.

Rea - dy now to spread my pin - ions, Glad to wing my flight a - way

From the gloom that hov - ers round me, To the realms of end - less day.

567. 8s & 7s. S. F. SMITH.

I AM NOW READY TO BE OFFERED.—2 Tim. 4:6.

- 1 READY now to spread my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away
From the gloom that hovers round me,
To the realms of endless day.
- 2 Ready to be freed from sorrow,
Tears and partings, toil and pain;
Ready for the heavenly mansion;
Life is dear, but death is gain.
- 3 Ready with the just made perfect,
Clothed in robes of light to be;
Swelling the enraptured chorus,
Singing joy and victory.
- 4 As the bird with warbling music
Soars above our feeble sight,
Singing still, and still ascending,
Melting in the glorious light,—
- 5 So the dying saint, departing,
Joyful takes his heavenward way;
Life, and time, and gladness blending
In the light of perfect day.

568. 8s & 7s.

HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM.—Is. 40:11.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's tenderest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,—

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm:
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

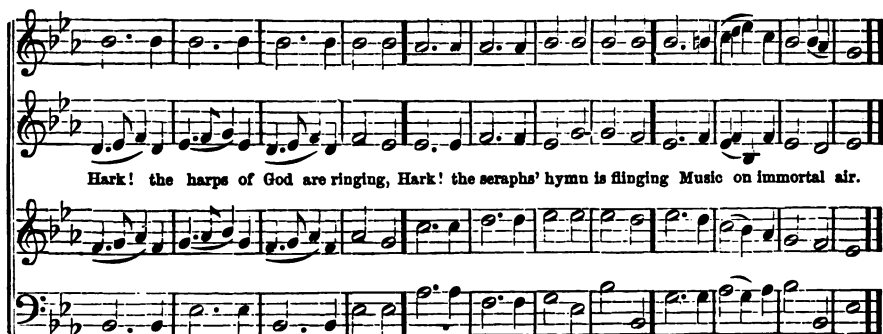
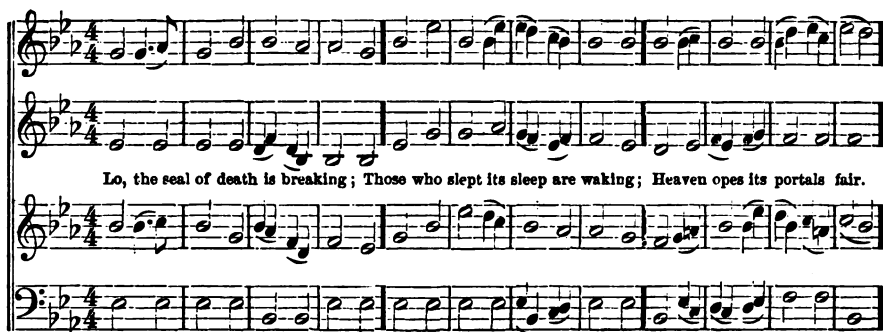
569. 8s & 7s. MONTGOMERY.

IN THAT DAY THERE SHALL BE A FOUNTAIN OPENED.
Zech. 13:1.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing Fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all.
- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.
- 3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood.

DOXOLOGY:

Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.



570.

8s & 7s.

NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN. — Rev. 21:4.

- 1 Lo, the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair.
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraphs' hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.
- 2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.
- 3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleteth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore.

571.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ALLEN.

LORD, WHO HATH BELIEVED OUR REPORT? — John 12:32.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love.
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in His name.
How important!
Free forgiveness in His name.
- 3 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

572.

8s, 7s, & 4.

THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN UNTO GOD, WHO GAVE IT.
Eccl. 12:7.

- 1 TOSSED no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow
For the aged Christian's head,
Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.
- 2 O, may we be reunited
To the spirits of the just,
Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption, in the dust:
Hear us, Jesus,
Thou our Lord, our Life, our Trust.

CON SPIRITO.

God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.

573.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

GOD IS LOVE.—1 John 4:8.

- 1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

574.

8s & 7s.

DUBLIN COLL.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.—Ps. 148:14.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name.

575.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

DELIVER US, AND PURGE AWAY OUR SINS, FOR THY NAME'S SAKE.—Ps. 79:9.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.
- 4 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

HYMNS FOR WILMOT.

576.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY, SAVE IN THE CROSS OF
OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Gal. 6:14.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

577.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

ALLELUIA, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.
Rev. 19:6.

- 1 HARK! the song of jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 6 Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

578.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

THE GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—2 Cor. 13:14.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

579.

8s & 7s.

THE HOSTS OF HEAVEN WORSHIPPETH THEE.—Neh. 9:6.

- WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim;
As the hosts of heaven adore Thee,
We too bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

580.

7s.

RIPPON'S COLL.

HE IS NOT HERE; FOR HE IS RISEN, AS HE SAID.—Matt. 28:6.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

581.

8s & 7s.

FRANCIS.

THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR.—1 Sam. 2:30.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.
- 2 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.
- 3 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread His fame.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. (Or 8s without the tie.)

GERMAN.

8s & 7s. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God:
 8s. Laud - ed be Thy name for - ev - er, Thou, of life the Guard and Giv - er!

He whose word can - not be brok - en Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
 Thou canst guard Thy crea - tures sleep - ing, Heal the heart long broke with weep - ing.

582.

8s.

HOGG.

BLESSED BE THY GLORIOUS NAME. — Neh. 9:5.

- 1 LAUDED be Thy name forever,
 Thou, of life the Guard and Giver!
 Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blesséd be Thy name forever!
- 2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blessed are they Thou kindly keepest.
 God of evening's yellow ray,
 God of yonder dawning day,
 That rises from the distant sea,
 Like breathings of eternity;
 God of life, that fade shall never,
 Glory to Thy name forever!

583.

8s & 7s.

TOPLADY.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LOVE, JOY, ETC. — Gal 5:22.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
- 2 Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all Thine influence prove;
 Make our souls Thy habitation;
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

584.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

THERE THE GLORIOUS LORD WILL BE UNTO US A PLACE OF BROAD
 RIVERS AND STREAMS. — Is. 33:21.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God:
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove!
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day:
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

HYMNS FOR WORTHING.

585.

8s & 7s.

RANKIN.

THE LORD SHALL GIVE THEE REST FROM THY SORROW.
Is. 14:3.

- 1 LABORING and heavy laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam;
While I know Thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their home.
- 2 Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey Thy gracious voice;
At the cross to leave its burden,
And departing to rejoice.
- 3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of Thee;
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly;
Teach me like Thyself to be.
- 4 Rest my weary soul is seeking
From its sins and all its woes;
In Thy bosom I would place me,
There to find a blest repose.
- 5 Laboring and heavy laden,
Lord, no longer will I roam:
Here I fix my habitation
In Thy sheltering love at home.

586.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A
BROTHER.—Prov. 18:24.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of Sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

587.

8s & 7s.

BICKERSTETH.

I WILL FEED MY FLOCK.—Ezek. 34:15.

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where Thy flock, rejoicing, go.

- 2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

588.

8s & 7s.

NEVIN.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.—Matt. 28:20.

- 1 ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling place above;
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won;
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear;
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

589.

8s & 7s.

HORNE.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.—Is. 41:8.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—
- 2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading;
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
- 3 "Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 5 "On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be stayed,
Which alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

590.

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT.

LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.—Ps. 67:5.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator;
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4.

RUSSIAN.

ESPRESSIVO.

{ When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, }
Kind Fore - run - ner, soothe my fears, Light me through the dark - some way. }

Break the sha - dows, Break the sha - dows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

591.

7s & 4s.

GILBERT.

WHITHER THE FORERUNNER IS FOR US ENTERED.—Heb. 6:20.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way.
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open Thou the crystal gate,
To Thy praise attune my lyre.
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way;
Often bless Thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

592.

8s, 7s, & 4.

FAWCETT.

HOPE THOU IN GOD.—Ps. 42:5.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.

- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

- 3 O that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

593.

8s, 7s, & 4.

THE HOUSE OF JACOB SHALL POSSESS THEIR POSSESSIONS.
Ob. 17.

- 1 MAY the glorious day of promise
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,
When the scattered sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray,
When hosannas
With united voice they cry.
- 2 Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?
Shall Thy wrath forever burn?
Rise; redeem Thine ancient people;
Their transgressions from them turn.
King of Israel,
Come and set Thy people free.

HYMNS FOR VESPER HYMN.

594.

8s, 7s, & 4. LELAND'S HYMNS.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.—LUKE 1:78.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo, the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Dayspring from on high;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!
- 2 Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing,
First fruits of more perfect praise;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!
- 3 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world Thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!
- 4 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of Thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

595.

8s, 7s, & 4.

GOD HATH POWER TO HELP.—2 CHRON. 20:8.

- 1 AT Thy footstool, humbly blending
Faith and hope with fervent prayer,
On Thy promised help depending,
May our toils Thy blessing share;
Great Jehovah,
Hear us; make us still Thy care.
- 2 Here reveal Thy power and glory;
Grant each teacher great success;
May those whom we teach adore Thee,
And their Saviour now confess;
Holy Spirit,
Bless us with Thy quickening grace.
- 3 For Thy love accept this token;
We the young with truth would feed;
'Twas for such Thy heart was broken;
Thou dost for them intercede;
Mighty Saviour,
Help us; 'tis Thy cause we plead.

596.

8s, 7s, & 4. HASTINGS.

COME, YE CHILDREN, HEARKEN UNTO ME.—PS. 34:11.

- 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O, receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in His sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are His delight;
Seek His favor.
And your hearts to Him unite.

- 3 All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On His precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not His grace receive?

597.

8s, 7s, & 4.

A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW.—MATT. 13:3.

- 1 LORD of glory, who didst honor
David's humble sling and stone,
Ancient Israel to deliver,
Now as weak an effort own;
Bless the labor
Which our feeble hands have done.
- 2 'Tis the gospel seed we're sowing
On the good and fallow ground;
Bearing, weeping, without knowing
Which shall fail and which abound;
Holy Spirit,
Let it verdant spring around.
- 3 And when the great harvest's ended,
When the Master counts our sheaves,
O, let those by us attended
Be as numerous as the leaves
Which we scatter,
And a dying world receives.

598.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

CRY ALOUD, SPARE NOT.—ISA. 58:1.

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of His gospel not ashamed
As the power of God to save,
Go where Christ was never naméd,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blesséd freedom!
Freedom Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend;
Borne afar, 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

SICILY. 8s & 7s or 8s 7s & 4.



599.

8s & 7s.

MY SOUL IS EVEN AS A WEANED CHILD. — Ps. 131:2.

- 1 LET Thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride;
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.
- 2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.
- 3 Weaned from earth's vexatious pleasures,
In Thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.
- 4 Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely;
Then from Him thy joys arising,
Like Himself shall never die.

600.

8s & 7s.

O THAT THOU Wouldest BLESS ME INDEED. — 1 Chron. 4:12.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing:
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

601.

8s, 7s, & 4.

BURDER.

THE GOD OF LOVE AND PEACE SHALL BE WITH YOU.
2 Cor. 13:11.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 Then, when'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

DOXOLOGY.

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

HYMNS FOR SICILY. -

602.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

MADE NIGH BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.—Eph. 2:13.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more truly know.

603.

8s & 7s.

MADAN'S COLL.

THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT.—Is. 9: 2.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and Thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the influence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

604.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

BEING THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY.—Heb. 1:3.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
- 4 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

24

605.

8s & 7s.

CASWALL.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND.—Mark 1:15.

- 1 HARK! an awful voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

606.

8s & 7s.

HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA.
Ps. 72:8.

- 1 WHERE the wilderness is lying, —
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God, —
- 2 Westward till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.
- 3 Westward still, O Lord, in glory
Be Thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale and mountain hoary
Rolls the anthem round the world.
- 4 Reign, O, reign o'er every nation;
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King;
And with songs of Thy salvation
Let the wide creation ring.

607.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.—Hag. 2:7.

- 1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

185*

{ On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands. } Mourning captive!
 { Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands. }

God him-self shall loose thy bands Mourning cap-tive! God him-self shall loose thy bands.

608.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

THE LORD HATH COMFORTED HIS PEOPLE.—Is. 52:8

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive,
 God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He Himself appears thy Friend:
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 "For thy shame thou shalt have double;"
 In thy Maker's favor blessed;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

609.

8s, 7s, & 4. RIPPON'S COLL.

THE SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH OUR INFIRMITIES.—Rom. 8:26.

- 1 COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

- 2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
 Which Thy word's designed to give;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever
 To Thy praise and glory live.

610.

8s, 7s, & 4.

FRANCIS.

I HAVE FINISHED THE WORK.—John 17:4.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" O, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMNS FOR ZION.

611.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

WITH THREE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.—Ps. 36:9.

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a Fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay;
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

612.

8s, 7s, & 4.

EVAN. MAG.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.—Lam. 3:24.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer;
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.
- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

613.

8s, 7s, & 4.

HOLY CONVOCATIONS.—Lev. 23:4.

- 1 WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blesséd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song Thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song Thine impress bear.

614.

8s, 7s, & 4.

REED.

LET HIM RETURN UNTO THE LORD, AND HE WILL HAVE MERCY
UPON HIM.—Is. 55:7.

- 1 LISTEN, sinner! Mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,
Ere the hand of Justice falls;
Listen, sinner!
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head;
Tarry, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, ah, hasten to the Saviour!
Sue His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away;
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

615.

8s, 7s, & 4.

NEWTON.

THEY SHALL SEE THE SON OF MAN COMING IN THE CLOUDS OF
HEAVEN, WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY.—Matt. 24:30.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall My love and glory know."

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit
For election, sovereign, free;
For redeeming love and merit;
For renewing such as we;
For all blessings
Praise the glorious One in Three.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s or 8s 7s & 4.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.
1712-1778.

Fin.

{ Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, }
Here, our will - ing foot - steps meet - ing, Ev' - ry heart to heav'n as - pires; }
D. C. Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.

D. C.

From the fount of glo - ry beam - ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes,

616.

8s & 7s.

TAYLOR.

THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY. — Ps. 84:11.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

617.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH. — 1 Sam. 3:10.

- 1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear —
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before —
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

DOXOLOGY.

Blessing, honor everlasting,
To the immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be;
Glory through the earth and heaven
To our God in Trinity.

HYMNS FOR GREENVILLE.

618.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

TAKE MY Yoke UPON YOU.—Matt. 11:29.

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes;
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind;
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart upbind.
- 5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it;
But it soars beyond them all:
Love desires it,
But it overwhelms them all.

619.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

HART.

COME, BUY WINE AND MILK WITHOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT PRICE.—Is. 55:1.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

620.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

EDMESTON.

I WILL LEAD THEM.—Is. 42:16

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

621.

8s & 7s.

FOR THIS THING THE LORD THY GOD SHALL BLESS THEE.
Deut. 15:10.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.
- 2 Have we wandered? O, forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this bar-ren land;

{ I am weak, but Thou art migh-ty; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; }
 { Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. }

622. 8s, 7s, & 4. OLIVER.

I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE.—Ps. 32:8.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

623. 8s, 7s, & 4. J. MONTGOMERY.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.—Luke 2:10.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you; break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

HYMNS FOR TAMWORTH.

624.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

THE LORD HATH MADE BARE HIS HOLY ARM IN THE EYES OF
ALL THE NATIONS. — *Is. 52:10.*

- 1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By His word, in every land.
Mark His progress —
Darkness flies at His command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he "enters like a flood,"
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

625.

8s, 7s, & 4.

COTTERELL.

A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES. — *Luke 2:32.*

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in Thy wing;
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Thee,
Serve the living God alone,
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway, to the end of time.

626.

8s, 7s, & 4.

GOODE.

OUR GOD SHALL COME, AND SHALL NOT KEEP SILENCE.
Ps. 80:3.

- 1 Lo, the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks:
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west His thunder breaks;
Earth beholds Him;
Universal nature shakes.
- 2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo, He comes, nor silence holding;
Fire and clouds prepare His way;
Tempests round Him
Hasten on the dreadful day.
- 3 To the heavens His voice ascending,
To the earth beneath He cries,
"Souls immortal, now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise;
Rise to judgment;
Let My throne adorn the skies."
- 4 "Gather first My saints around Me,
Those who to My covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found Me
Through the dying Saviour's blood;
Blest Redeemer!
Dearest sacrifice to God."
- 5 Now the heavens on high adore Him,
And His righteousness declare;
Sinners perish from before Him,
But His saints His mercies share:
Just His judgment;
God, Himself the Judge, is there.

627.

8s & 7s.

COLESWORTHY.

GIVE EAR, O LORD, UNTO MY PRAYER. — *Ps. 86:6.*

- 1 WHILE we lowly bow before Thee,
Wilt Thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.
- 2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by Thy grace;
And incline us more to love Thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unveil Thy glorious face.
- 3 None in vain did ever ask Thee
For the Spirit of Thy love;
Hear us then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blessed Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

FIN.

{ Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear Thy hum - ble sup - pliant's cry; }
 { Let me know Thy great sal - va - tion— See, I lan - guish, faint, and die. }

Pros - trate at thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O, send me quick re - lief.

D. G.

Gull - ty, but with heart re - lent - ing, O - ver - whelm'd with help - less grief, D.G.

628.

8s & 7s.

TURNER.

JESUS, THOU SON OF DAVID, HAVE MERCY ON ME.—Mark 10:47.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know Thy great salvation—
 See, I languish, faint, and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
 Send, O, send me quick relief.
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to Him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to Him who ever lives?
 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless, on the curséd tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing
 That Thou suffered'st thus for me.
- 3 In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, Lord, be said,
 "Here's a soul that perished suing
 For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with Thy love.

629.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.—1 Sam. 7:12.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

HYMNS FOR NETTLETON.

630.

8s & 7s. MONTGOMERY.

I WILL BE WITH HIM IN TROUBLE.—Ps. 91:15.

- 1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell and never be dismayed;
There no tumult shall alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee;
In eternal silence there.
- 2 He shall charge His angel legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile legions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep:
On the lion vainly roaring
On her young, thy foot shall tread,
And the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.
- 3 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

631.

8s & 7s. NEWTON.

THEY SHALL REVIVE AS THE CORN, AND GROW AS THE VINE.
Hos. 14:7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely once Thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from Thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

25

632.

8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

HIS LOVE IS PERFECTED IN US.—1 John 4:12.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 3 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

633.

8s & 7s. COWPER.

THOU SHALT CALL THY WALLS SALVATION, AND THY GATES
PRAISE.—Is. 60:18.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
"O My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls 'Salvation,'
And your gates shall all be 'Praise.'"
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

193

PILGRIM. 8s & 7s. Double.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Tossed up - on life's ra - ging bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know

Thou didst press a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe.

634.

8s & 7s.

HE WAS IN THE HINDER PART OF THE SHIP, ASLEEP ON A PILLOW. — Mark 4: 38.

- 1 TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.
- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish;
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

635.

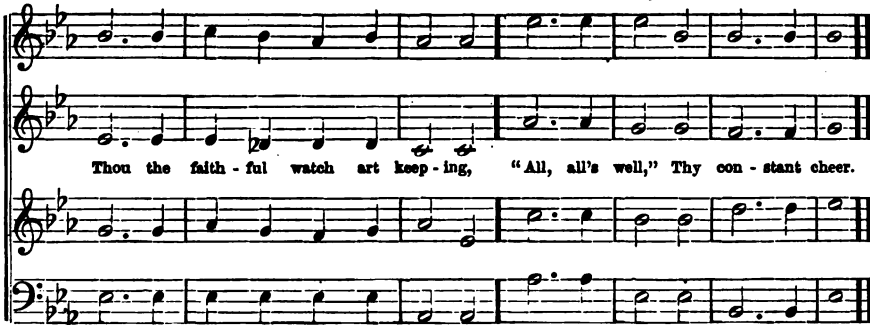
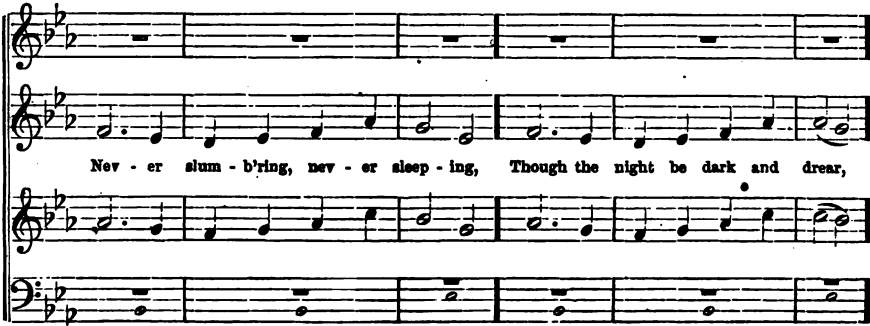
7s.

MONTGOMERY.

SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.
Ps. 107: 30.

- 1 THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,
Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all His storms,
In the chariots of the wind.
- 2 Up to heaven their bark is whirled,
On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurled
To the abysses of the grave;
To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit and hope resign.
- 3 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear;
O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

PILGRIM. (Continued.)



636.

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND HAVE FOLLOWED THEE.
Mark 10 : 28.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may scorn me ;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

637.

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON.

THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT FROM THEE. — Ps. 139 : 12.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be ;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Dr. L. MASON.

MODERATO.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand; Where Af - ric's sun - ny

fountains Roll down their gold - en sand; From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From

638.

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

ASSUREDLY GATHERING THAT THE LORD HAD CALLED US FOR
TO PREACH.— Acts 16: 10.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

639.

7s & 6s.

HE SHALL SEND THEM A SAVIOUR.— Is. 19: 20.

- 1 To Thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy
We're now allowed to meet,
And join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 O, may Thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

MISSIONARY HYMN. (Continued.)

ma - ny a palm - y plain; They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

CLXX. CHANT. 4s & 7s.

HAYES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 { I trust the Lord; Upon His word
I rest my soul's well being: } | { My walk with Thee,
Lord, here must be By faith, and not by seeing. } |
| 2 { The only scheme Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages, } | { Would lie concealed,
But as revealed In these, Thy sacred pages. } |

640.

7s & 6s.

HAWES.

BLESSED BE THE KING. -- Luke 19:38.

- 1 To Thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear;
O, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee;
What would an angel more?

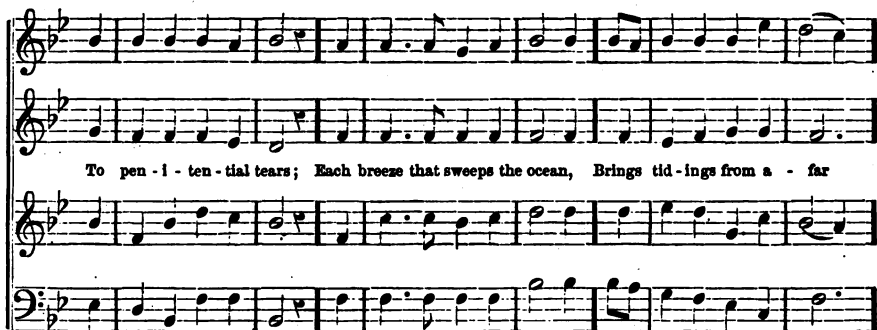
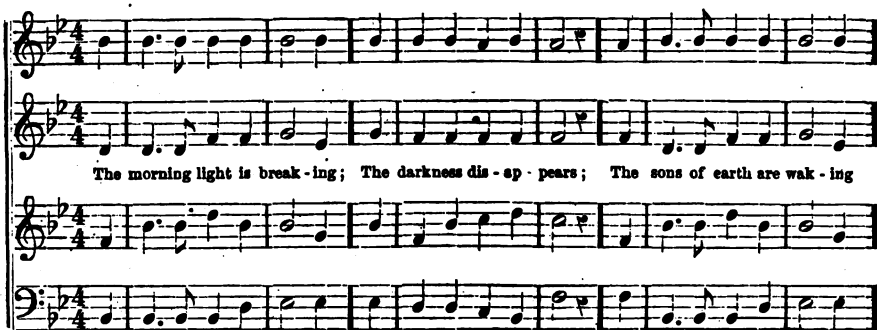
641.

4s & 7s.

GELLERT.

THE FAITHFUL WORD. -- Tit. 1:2.

- 1 I TRUST the Lord;
Upon His word
I rest my soul's well-being;
My walk with Thee,
Lord, here must be
By faith, and not by seeing.
- 2 The only scheme
Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie concealed,
But as revealed
In these, Thy sacred pages.
- 3 By faith to live,
Its fruits to give;
This is the path to heaven;
All strength and skill
To do Thy will
But through Thy word are given.
- 4 Teach me, O Lord,
To prize Thy word,
This gift of matchless favor;
Be it my health,
Be it my wealth,
My strength and life forever.



642.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

I WILL OPEN RIVERS IN HIGH PLACES, AND FOUNTAINS IN THE MIDST OF THE VALLEYS.—Is. 44:18.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

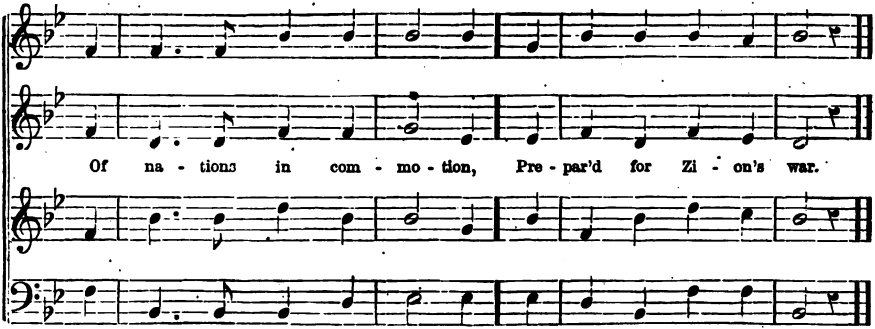
- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

643.

7s & 6s.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE HILLS SHALL BREAK FORTH BEFORE YOU INTO SINGING.—Is. 55:12.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound.



644.

7s & 6s.

POMROY.

SHALL SERVE HIM.—Ps. 72:11.

- 1 WHERE Stamboul's towers are gleaming,
With crescent lifted high,
The cross of Christ is beaming,
Amid the eastern sky;
O'er Persia's lake is rising
The bright and morning star,
Which, in their hearts adoring,
"The wise men" saw afar.
- 2 'Mid Afric's sands, sweet fountains
In living freshness flow;
On India's plains and mountains
The tree of life doth grow;
Old China, too, is rising,
God's mercy to adore,
And beauteous isles are shouting,
"Jesus forevermore!"
- 3 The mighty God is coming;
Lift high the sacred song;
Earth's jubilee's approaching;
The tidings roll along;
Go, spread the blissful story
Wherever man is found,
Till Jesus reigns in glory
The ransomed world around.

645.

7s & 6s.

HYMNAL.

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH: GO YE OUT TO MEET
HIM.—Matt. 25:6.

- 1 RISE up, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour He draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
E'en now His chariot spy;
O, go ye forth to meet Him,
And raise hosannas high.

- 3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With Him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before Him
Their diadems of gold.

646.

7s & 6s.

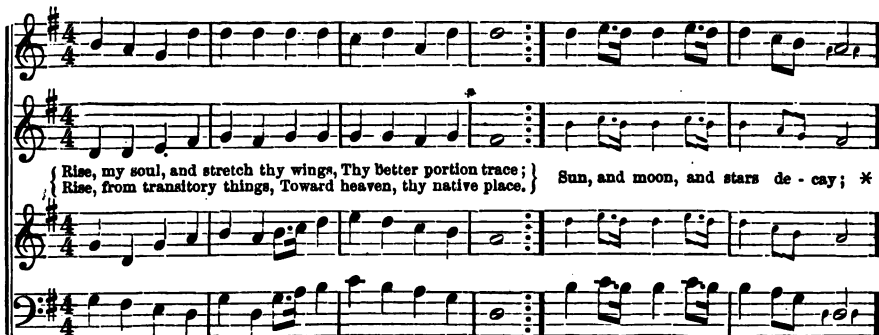
COWPER.

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW.
Matt. 6: 28.

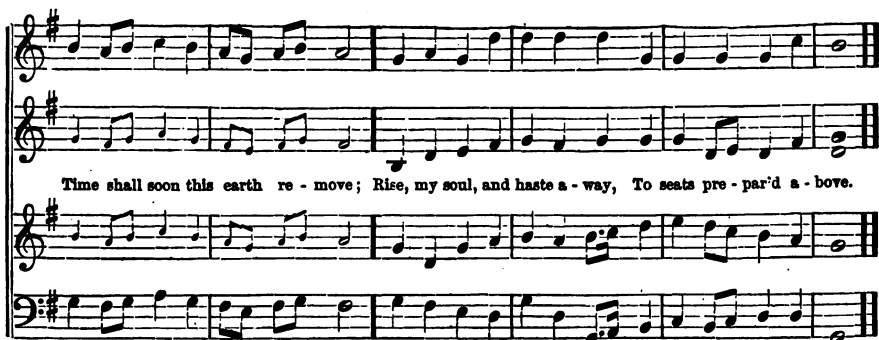
- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain,
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

DOXOLOGY.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.



* By singing the small notes in this measure the metre will be 7s, 6s & 8.



647.

7s & 6s.

SEAGRAVE.

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.—REV. 22:4.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

648.

7s, 6s, & 8.

C. WESLEY.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.—JOHN 1:36.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By Thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,—
By Thy dying love to man,—
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

FAITH. 6s & 4s.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine; Now hear me

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

649.

6s & 4s.

PALMER.

I LIVE BY THE FAITH OF THE SON OF GOD. — Gal. 2: 20.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream

Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above —
A ransomed soul.

650.

6s & 4s.

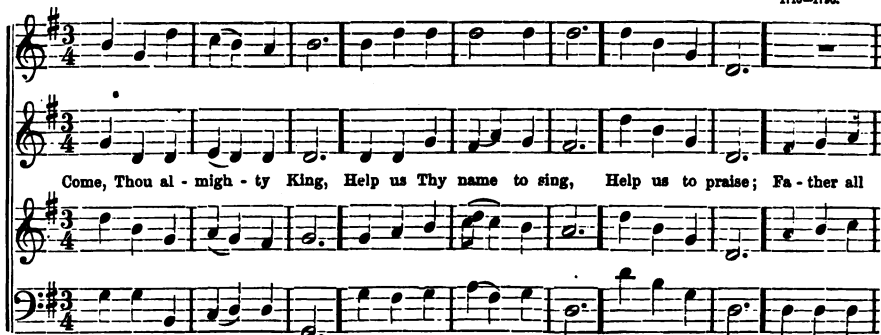
HEMANS.

HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE. — Ps. 55: 22.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
:|: Owing that life and death :|:
Alike are Thine.
- 2 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
:|: Was not to pass away, — :|:
Aid us, O God.
- 3 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine;
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
:|: Keep us, in life and death, :|:
Thine, only Thine.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.
1716-1795.



651.

6s & 4s.

MADAN'S COLL.

THE FATHER, THE WORD, AND THE HOLY GHOST.—1 John 5:7.

- 1 COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

- 5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

652.

6s & 4s.

GOODE.

PRaise HIM ACCORDING TO HIS EXCELLENT GREATNESS.
Ps. 150:2.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through His courts proclaim,
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above
Sound His great acts of love,
While His rich grace we prove,
Vast as His power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as His fame:
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His name.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; O, ye benighted souls, Why long - er roam?

INVITATION. 6s & 4s.

S. HUBBARD.

{ Child of sin and sor - row, filled with dis - may, }
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, yield thee to - day. } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;
 D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey. FINE. D. C.

HYMNS FOR TO-DAY.

653. 6s & 4s. SP. SONGS.

TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, ETC. — Heb. 3:15.

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
 Ye wanderers, come;
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!
 O, listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls;
 Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day!
 Yield to His power;
 O, grieve Him not away;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

654. 6s & 4s.

LEAD ME INTO THE LAND OF UPRIGHTNESS. — Ps. 143:10.

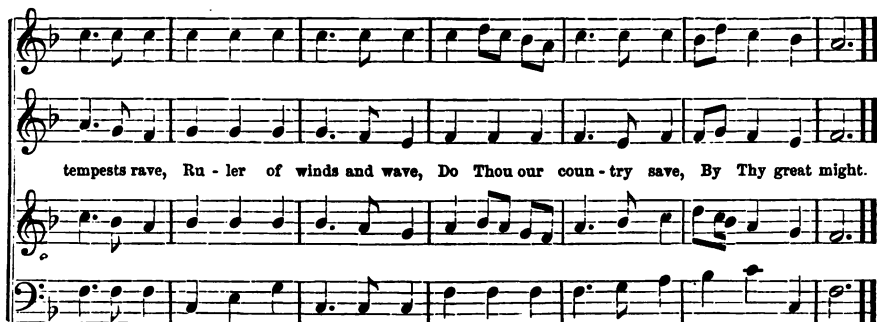
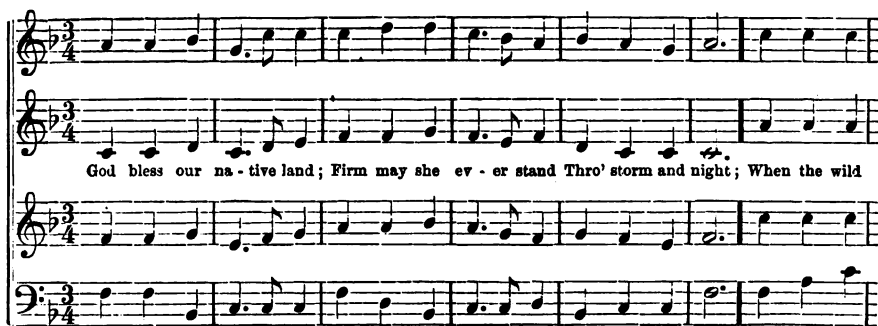
- 1 To Thee, my God, I come
 In Jesus' name;
 No more, no more to roam,
 In sin and shame!
- 2 For mercy at Thy throne
 My God, I cry;
 O lead me, as Thy Son,
 To realms on high!

HYMN FOR INVITATION.

655. 10s, 6, & 4s.

I WOULD HASTEN MY ESCAPE FROM THE WINDY STORM AND
 TEMPEST. — Ps. 55:8.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high;
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above —
 Child of sin and sorrow —
 Would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?
 Through that long to-morrow, eternity,
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
 Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
 In that high home,
 Graven thy name:
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Swift homeward fly.



656.

6s & 4s.

KINGSBURY.

THAT AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHOULD BOW.
Phil. 2:10.

- 1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."
- 2 Proclaim abroad His name;
Tell of His matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise Him, now raised in power;
Praise Him forevermore,
With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, He shall come,

While they who pierced Him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Great Saviour, come.

657.

6s & 4s.

HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND. — Deut. 28:3.

- 1 GOD bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou forever nigh;
God save the state.

DOXOLOGY.

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMNS FOR AMERICA.

658.

6s & 4s.

KNIT TOGETHER IN LOVE.—Col. 2:2.

- 1 GLAD hearts to Thee we bring,
With joy Thy name we sing,
Father above;
Creation praises Thee;
Thy bounty's full and free;
In all around we see
Tokens of love.
- 2 Giver of all our powers,
Now, in life's morning hours,
May they be Thine;
Thine may they ever be,
Pure, and from error free,
An offering worthy Thee,
Parent divine.
- 3 Unite our souls in love;
Smile on us from above,
Till life be o'er;
Then gather us to Thee,
Thy kingdom, Lord, to see,
In Thine own fold to be
Forevermore.

659.

6s & 4s.

THOU ART WORTHY.—Rev. 5:9.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad
Your Saviour's fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

660.

6s & 4s.

MONTGOMERY.

FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.—Ps. 103:2.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

- 3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

661.

6s & 4s.

THE LAMB WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE.
Rev. 7:17.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name;"
Angels, His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, cry for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name;
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

662.

6s & 4s.

SING PRAISES TO THE LORD.—Ps. 9:11.

- 1 SING, sing His lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.
- 2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see His face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing His grace,
Sing without fault.

SPRING. 8s.

The win - ter is ov - er and gone, The thrush whis - tles sweet on the spray,

The tur - tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and war - bles a - way.

663.

8s.

HAWEIS.

LO, THE WINTER IS PAST.—Cant. 2:11.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found
In praising to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute;
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell;
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring:
This temple, His spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

664.

8s.

FRANCIS.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.—1 John 4:19.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love;
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout His adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on His glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sound;
And pass in a moment away.

- 4 The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows;
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

665.

8s.

DE FLEURY.

ALL THE ANGELS STOOD ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE.
Rev. 7:11.

- 1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
O, tune your soft harps to His praise.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat.
- 3 O, when will the moment appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
For I to your Saviour belong.
- 4 I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

HYMNS FOR SPRING.

666.

Ss.

SHE WAS SICK AND DIED.—Acts 9:37.

- 1 'Tis finished ; the conflict is past ;
The heaven-born spirit is fled ;
Her wish is accomplished at last,
And now she's intombed with the dead.
- 2 Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 3 Then let us forbear to complain
That she has now gone from our sight ;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

667.

Ss.

THE STREET OF THE CITY WAS PURE GOLD.—Rev. 21:21.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first born above ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

668.

Ss.

TO CAUSE THE BUD OF THE TENDER HERB TO SPRING FORTH.
Job 38:27.

- 1 How sweetly, along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen !
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green.
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers ;
The herbage that springs from the sod ;
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers, —
All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call ;
Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise ;
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

669.

Ss.

HART.

OUR GOD FOREVER AND EVER.—Ps. 48:14.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

670.

Ss.

NEWTON.

NONE UPON EARTH I DESIRE BESIDES THEE.—Ps. 73:25.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

671.

Ss.

COWPER.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR THEE.—Ps. 63:1.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 2 Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.
- 3 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured ;
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

JUST AS I AM. 8s & 6s.

DOLCE.

Just as I am — with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

672.

8s & 6s.

ELLIOTT.

HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.
John 6:37.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

673.

8s & 6s.

COME. — Rev. 22:17.

- 1 JUST as thou art, — without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place, —
O guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free:
O wretched sinner, come!
- 3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come!
- 4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!
- 5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!
- 6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints reëcho, Come!
Who fain, who thirsts, who will, may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.

LENTO

A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blest;

When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

674.

10s.

MASON.

THE LORD BLESSED THE SABBATH DAY AND HALLOWED IT.
Ex. 20:11.

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
So shall He hear while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.
- 3 Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts — Messiah reigns.

675.

10s.

DR. JOHNSON.

MAKE THY FACE TO SHINE UPON THY SERVANT. — Ps. 31:16.

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From Thee, great God, we spring; to Thee we tend;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

677.

10s.

E. TAYLOR.

WE WILL REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE LORD OUR GOD.
Ps. 20:7.

- 1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in Thy temple bow Thy creatures down,
To bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own.
- 2 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wert true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, Thou wert present there.
- 3 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
How vast Thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread Thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at Thy throne, and worship at Thy feet.

676.

10s.

POPE.

THE GENTILES SHALL COME TO THY LIGHT. — Is. 60:3.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

The Lord is my Shep-herd, nor want shall I know; I feed in green
pas-tures; safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the

678.

11s. J. MONTGOMERY.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.—Ps. 23:3.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, nor want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-
pressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I
stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table to spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom
of love.

679.

12s & 11s. YOUNG.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.—Lam. 3:24.

- 1 WHILE Thou, O my God, art my Help and Defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.
- 2 Yes, Thou art my Refuge in sorrow and danger;
My Strength when I suffer, my Hope when I fall;
My Comfort and Joy in this land of the stranger;
My Treasure, my Glory, my God, and my all.

- 3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall,
And love Thee till death my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

680.

11s & 12s. NOEL'S COLL.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.—Rev. 19:6.

- 1 O, JOIN ye the anthems of triumph that rise
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies;
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains,
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns!
- 2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings;
He controlleth the councils of senates and kings;
From His throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurled,
And He ruleth the factions that rage through the world.
- 3 Rejoice, ye that love Him; His power cannot fail;
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly be passed,
And the omnipotent King shall conquer at last.
- 4 Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away;
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns!

681.

11s. KNOX.

ACQUAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM, AND BE AT PEACE.
Job 22:21.

- 1 ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (Continued.)

still wa - ters flow; Re - stores me when wand' - ring, re - deems when op -

press'd, Re - stores me when wand' - ring, re - deems when op - press'd.

682.

12s & 11s.

AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS.
EZRA 9:5.

- 1 SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean;
The sun has gone down on the far distant sea;
O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, 'blest Saviour, to Thee.
- 2 Full oft wast Thou found far away on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain,
Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.
- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let Thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.
- 4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given;
One God, ever blessed and praised, Thou art.

683.

11s.

GRANT.

PARTAKERS OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.—1 Pet. 4:13.

- 1 SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.
- 2 The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.
- 3 So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade,

- 4 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

- 5 Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.
- 6 There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

684.

11s.

LYTE.

A HOUSE NOT MADE, WITH HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS.
2 Cor. 5:1.

- 1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens my home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below,
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus's breast.

DOXOLOGY.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

MAESTOSO.

O, wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love;

Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - loned in splen - dor, and girded with praise.

685.

10s & 11s.

GRANT.

ALL NATIONS SHALL COME AND WORSHIP BEFORE THEE.
Rev. 15:4.

- 1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 4 Father Almighty, how faithful Thy love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lip to Thy praise.

686.

10s & 11s.

LYTE.

THOU ART VERY GREAT.—Ps. 104:1.

- 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord; His greatness proclaim;
Jehovah our God, how awful Thy name!
How vast is Thy power! Thy glory how great!
Lo, myriads of spirits Thy mandates await.
- 2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds, Thy garment the light;
The works of creation Thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,
In all that Thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.

- 4 O Thou, our great God, Redeemer, and King,
With hearts full of love to Thee will we sing;
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

687.

10s & 11s.

NEWTON.

JEHOVAH JIREH.—Gen. 22:14.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way; but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong Tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our Power; the Lord will provide.

688.

10s & 11s.

TATE & BRADY.

LET ISRAEL REJOICE IN HIM THAT MADE HIM.—Ps. 149:2.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them His great name extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure His saints to advance,
And with His salvation the humble to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who their beds with safety doth shield;
Their mouths filled with praises of Him their great King;
While a two-edged sword their right hand shall wield.

FRANKLAND. 11s & 10s.

ALLEGRO.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the ho-ri-son a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

692.

11s & 10s.

HEBER.

LO, THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST. — Mat. 2:9.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid,

693.

11s.

BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH UNTO THEE. — Zech. 9:9.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Daystar of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the Power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

694.

11s & 10s.

HE WILL MAKE HER WILDERNESS LIKE EDEN. — Is. 51:3.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

695.

11s, 10 & 9.

THOU WILT ORDAIN PEACE FOR US: — Is. 26:12.

- 1 GOD, the all-terrible, Thou who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high, where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 2 God, the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, O, save us from danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God, the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word;
But not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.
- 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

DULCIMER. 11s & 8s.

O Thou in whose pre-sence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-fle-tion I call,
My Com-fort by day and my Song in the night, My Hope, my Sal-va-tion, my All!

696.

11s & 8s.

SWAIN.

WHY SHOULD I BE AS ONE THAT TURNETH ASIDE? — Cant. 1:7.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My Comfort by day and my Song in the night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All!
- 2 Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O, why should I wander an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed;
- 4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy face;
Thy soul-cheering favor impart;
And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

697.

11s & 8s.

SWAIN.

THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED. — Cant. 2:8.

- 1 YE daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with His flock he has gone.
- 2 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
The air is perfumed with His breath.
- 3 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness, flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.
- 4 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with His voice,
Reechoes the praise of the Lord.

698.

12s & 8s.

S. F. SMITH.

THE HARVEST IS PAST, THE SUMMER IS ENDED, ETC. — Jer. 8:20.

- 1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more, —
- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare, —
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above, —
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love, —
- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

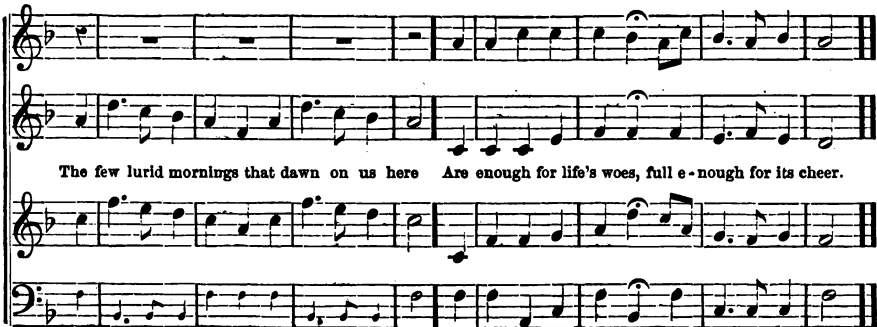
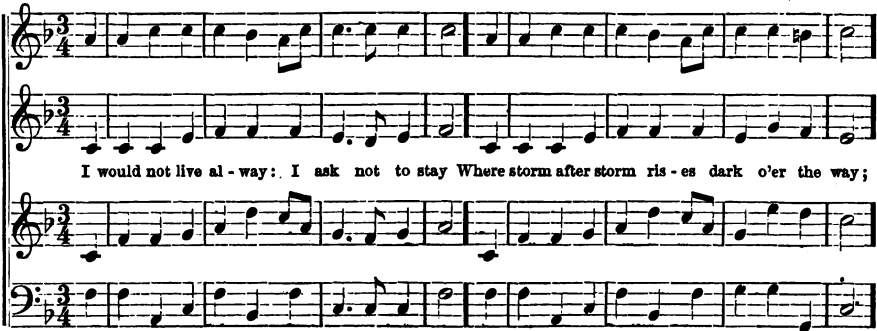
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11s & 8s.

MONTGOMERY.

ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING. — Ps. 100:4.

- 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O, serve Him with gladness and fear;
Exult in His presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are His people, His sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow His call.
- 3 O, enter His gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in His temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless His adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of His hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.



700.

11s & 12s. MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. — Job 7:16.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —
Temptation without and corruption within.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns? —
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

701.

11s. DE FLEURY.

HE WENT FORTH WITH HIS DISCIPLES OVER THE BROOK
CEDRON. — John 18:1.

- 1 THOU soft-flowing Cedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on His head!
How hard was His pillow, how humble His bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olivet, dear, honored spot,
Thy name and thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

- 4 Come, saints, and adore Him; come bow at His feet;
O, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the grand chorus that gladdens the skies.

702.

11s.

THE DAY IS AT HAND. — Rom. 13:12.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

703.

11s.

DRUMMOND.

PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD. — Luke 3:4.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way;
The word of Jehovah He comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation His progress illumine;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

The voice of free grace cries, "Es-cape to the moun-tain!" For A-dam's lost

race Christ hath opened a foun-tain; For sin and un-clean-ness, and

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has

704.

12s.

THORNEY.

ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN. — Gen. 19: 17.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Chorus. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has bought us
a pardon;
We'll praise Him again when we pass over
Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair;
Now He calls you in mercy; and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them; it flows from the fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell He is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it; O, trust in His passion;
He saves us most freely; O, precious salvation!
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

705.

12s.

HEBER.

LORD, SAVE US; WE PERISH. — Matt. 8: 25.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, — Help, Lord, or we perish!

- 2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his danger, Help, Lord, or we perish!

- 3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When Hell in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer, — Help, Lord, or we perish!

706.

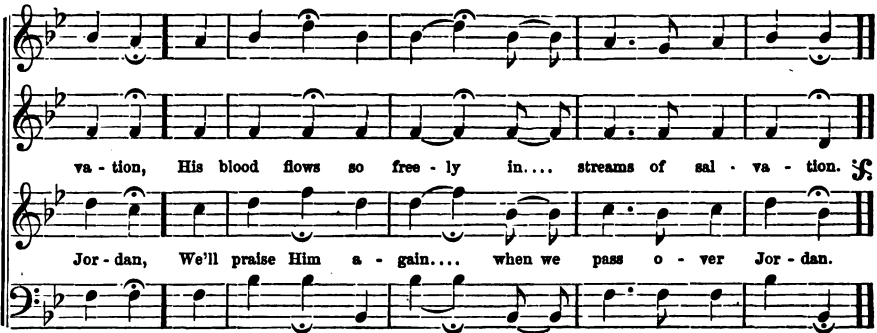
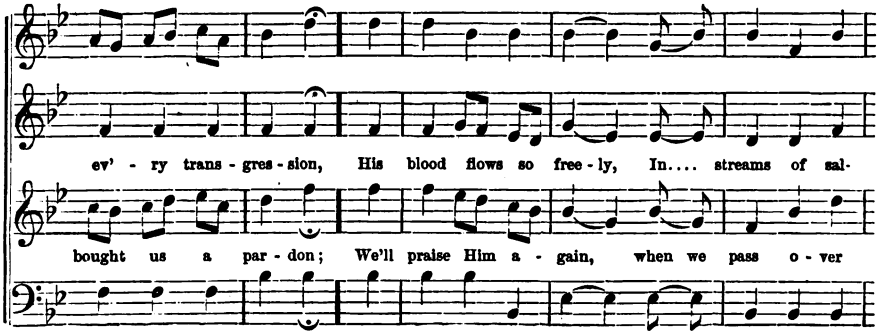
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KIRKHAM.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE. — Heb. 13: 5.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said?
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition, — in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, —
"As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie;
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

SCOTLAND. (Continued.)



707.

11s.

M'CHEYNE.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. — Jer. 33:16.

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu * was nothing to me.
- 2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see:
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.
- 3 My terrors all vanished before His sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the Fountain, life-giving and free:
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.
- 4 Jehovah Tsidkenu: my Treasure and Boast;
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field;
My Cable, my Anchor, my Breastplate and Shield!
- 5 Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my fluttering breath;
For a while from life's fever my God sets me free;
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death song shall be!

708.

11s.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED. — Heb. 10:23.

- 1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

* "The Lord our Righteousness."

- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy He cries;
"My promise, My truth, are they light in thine eyes?"
Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name
Engraved on My heart doth forever remain;
The palms of My hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5 "I feel at My heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near Me, My flesh and My bones;
In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain—
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 "Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine."

709.

11s.

O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE! — Ps. 56:6.

- 1 I AM weary of straying; O, fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no more her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.
- 2 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
- 3 I am weary of loving what passeth away;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 4 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving Thy love;
O, when shall I rest in Thy presence above?
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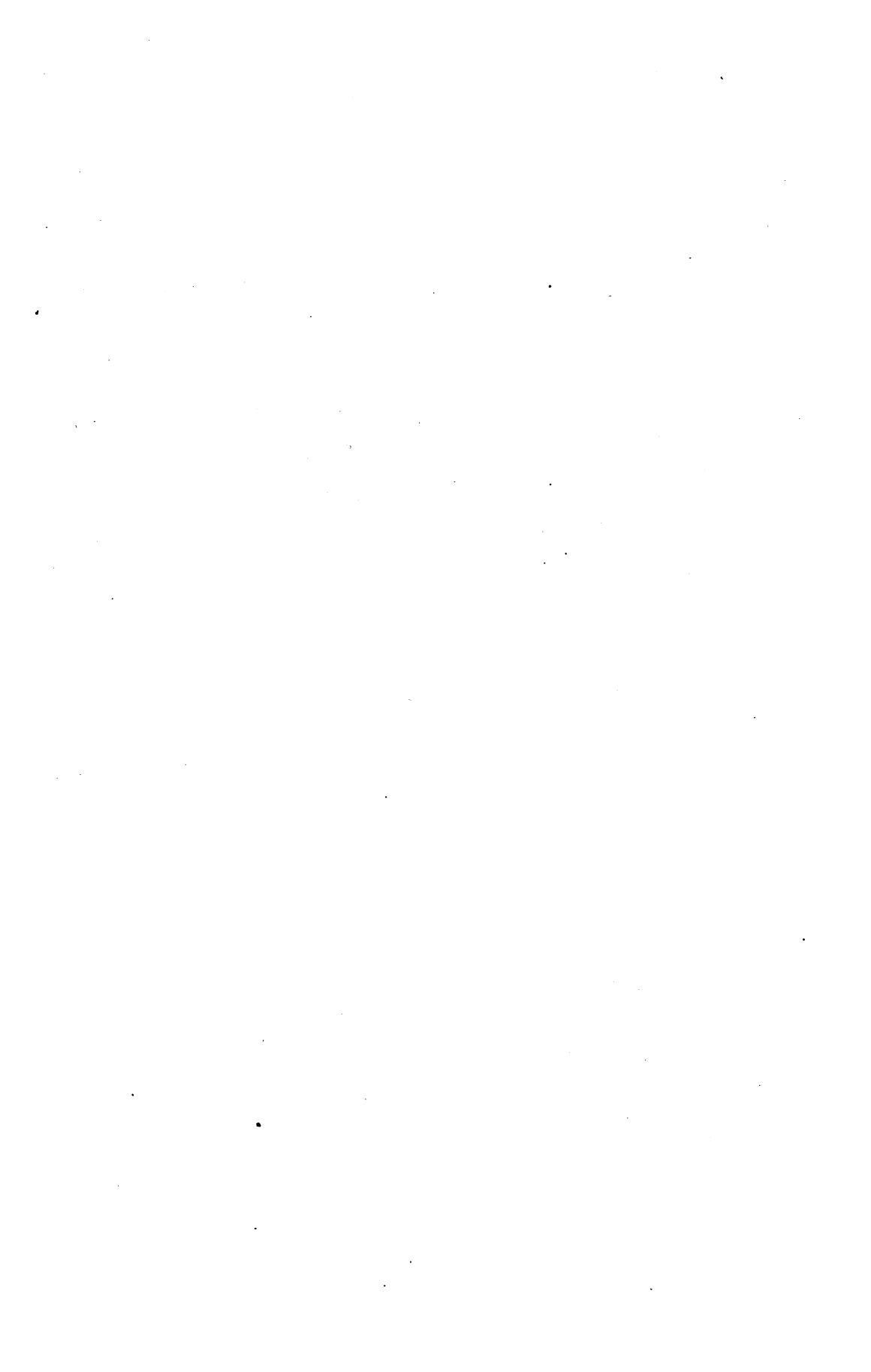
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